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"IF YOU'RE JUST FOOLIN', UNCLE SAM, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER QUIT?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 3, 1900

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A Philanthropic Opportunity

THESE are days when the too prosperous citizen finds little difficulty in dispensing his surplus stores of gold. Mr. CARNEGIE is building libraries in all parts of the land, Mr. ROCKEFELLER is endowing universities, and Mr. CLARK of Montana, according to recent accounts, seems to have discovered an effective method of securing relief from the burdens of his wealth. There are everywhere channels for the distribution of one's gains—arches, school buildings, memorial halls, cathedrals, hospitals, and other things so numerous that for a time at least it would seem as though it were unwise for any one to seek to add to their number. This, however, has not served as a deterrent to Dr. JAMES H. HYSLOP, Professor of Logic at Columbia University. The fact that neither the Dewey Arch, the Washington Arch, nor the GRANT Mausoleum is as yet finished has not prevented Dr. HYSLOP from asking, on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research, for the sum of $50,000 to be devoted to an investigation of the phenomena of hallucinations, coincidences, apparitions, and automatisms. The distinguished Columbian professor and his equally famous confrères of the Society for Psychical Research have undoubtedly realized that this is the day not only of the open door in the East, but of the open purse at home, and they are making their bids at a time when there is every reason to hope for a successful issue.

The WEEKLY ventures the hope that Dr. HYSLOP and his friends will succeed in raising the large sum of money they deem to be necessary. We care little for the coincidences of the day, and the automatisms of the moment do not seem to be worth a tithe of the amount likely to be spent upon them. But the hallucinations of the hour present a field for scientific investigation that is worthy of our deepest pockets, if not of our deepest minds. The world would delight in knowing, for example, the true inwardness of the hallucinations of the Anti-Imperialist League. It is the extraordinary fact that the gentlemen who compose this organization really think themselves actuated by the highest and most patriotic motives. Mr. ATKINSON never writes a pamphlet, Mr. GARRISON never composes an ode to AGUINALDO, and Mr. ERVING WINSLOW never addresses a wrapper, into the doing of which all the ardent yearnings of a patriot's soul are not poured. That the pamphlets carry despair and wrath into the hearts of the brave Americans who are fighting in the Philippines goes for naught to them. That the GARRISONIAN sonnets please no one but their author and their hero, one of whom, at least, has no sense of their literary quality, counts for nothing. Day by day these men toil on in their self-appointed task, recking little of the consequences to themselves or to others. In other days dungeons deep, and possibly worse, would have waited upon their acts, but to-day we are merciful, and let them pamphletize and poetize to their hearts' content and with all the vim of an overboiling pot, without interference from the authorities, because we know they are merely victims of a hallucination. When we see them, or hear of them and their doings, some of us are apt to shake our heads sadly and tap our brows suggestively; others grow angry and use unprintable words about them; others see only the intensely humorous phase of their labors, and allude merrily to the Tailors of Tooley Street; but one and all of us are aware that even great and good men are sometimes victims of an aberrant mind, and are disposed to be lenient with the sufferers. Would it not be well, however, if some of Dr. HYSLOP'S $50,000 were to be devoted to a discovery of the scientific causes of this hallucination, leaving it to another society with another fund to take these causes and eradicate them?

Fifty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, but it would be worth ten times that amount if this anti-imperialistic germ could be discovered at this moment and rendered innocuous. Later on, when the inevitable has happened in the Philippines, and no more soldiers' lives are imperilled by the germ's pernicious activity, it can be let loose once more to do its very worst, if it thinks its worst worth doing. After Dr. HYSLOP has finished with this, he might devote a few dollars, if there are any left, to a scientific investigation of the phenomenon of the Professor of Logic of Columbia University, although he is a truly substantial reality, and not in any sense a hallucination, a coincidence, an apparition, or even an automatism.

THERE is a great deal of speculation in many quarters concerning the possible outcome of Continental intrigues against British supremacy. There are in all parts of the civilized world individuals who think that, now that Britannia is engaged in a fight of some magnitude in South Africa, it is a good time for her enemies to step in and make things unpleasant for her. Much wonderment has been expressed that the Anglophobic sentiment of France does not take positive expression in some overt act of hostility. Deep thinkers think that Russia may find in this a fitting moment to make a stride or two toward the impairment of British power in the East, and in more ways than one it has been shown that in the minds of many the thought is uppermost that a golden opportunity for revenge is now presented to Continental powers which resent British supremacy as well as British superiority. Yet this golden opportunity seems to be ignored, and it is possibly due to the fact that Great Britain's fight in South Africa is a left-handed fight. Her enemy is so situated that she cannot get at him with both arms, and, to her regret, it is with her weaker arm that she is hitting out. It would be different if any of the Continental powers ventured into the fray. The right arm would then come into play, and for every blow that that right arm cannot strike in South Africa a corresponding increase of energy is stored up in its muscles. A fight at a disadvantage in a strange land, with a foe hidden behind kopjes, and with a mobility that astonishes if it does not stagger humanity, is one thing, but an embroilment on the sea with a navy whose surplus energies, through enforced inaction, are already wrought up to the point of overflowing is another.

With the reverses in South Africa to energize and unify the British people, and with an irritated navy hungering for an opportunity, it really seems as though the Continental powers were wise in emulating the late war-lord of Germany and resting quietly in the background as mute apostles of peace, letting Great Britain severely alone.

THE reports from the peaceful island of Guam, where Governor LEARY rules, are most encouraging, and show what American ideas can do if they are permitted to be worked out without unnecessary interference. The little bandbox territory was undoubtedly designed in the beginning to be a theme for a comic-opera libretto, but under Captain LEARY'S management it has developed into a shining example of the possibilities of colonial government. It has been scoured and scrubbed by its soap-loving Governor until it is a clean and wholesome place in which to live. Its people in a very short while have been taught the value and the dignity of labor and the viciousness of indolence, the beauty of cleanliness and the ugliness of squalor. Thrift has taken the place of idleness, and a community which, under the yellow standard of Spain was dead to the world and inclined periodically to bilious attacks that impaired a usefulness already reduced to a minimum, has developed, under the benign influences of an American Governor, into an interesting and happy solidarity.

There is no particular moral in all this, perhaps, unless it be that it gives us a valuable hint as to the future government of our new possessions. To put the right man in the right place, and let him run affairs to suit himself, may prove as successful a plan in the big as in the little. LEARYS are not rare in this country, but it is not, of course, always easy to find them. Once found, however, they should not be long in getting work to do.

THAT is a very sensible plan that has been conceived by Superintendent FRYE of the Cuban schools, and endorsed by Governor WOOD, to send a large number of the Cuban teachers to the Harvard Summer School next summer. There is probably no more serious problem in education than the proper teaching of teachers, and now that a public-school system is being developed in Cuba, it is for the good of all concerned that the movement should start right. A month or two of study in pedagogy at Cambridge will do much toward assuring the success of the educational movement in Cuba, and Mr. FRYE is to be congratulated upon his most excellent proposition. Care must be taken, however, that our visitors are kept free from certain influences which are somewhat potent in the neighborhood of their proposed summer home, until it is clearly ascertained that they have a sufficient sense of humor to render them immune to the eloquence of Messrs. ATKINSON, WINSLOW, and BRADFORD; nor would it be quite fair to them to let them return to their own land believing that the best Americanism is represented by gentlemen, no matter how distinguished, who recommend the application of the rawhide to the shoulders of other equally distinguished Americans who happen to differ with them on matters of public interest. Ordinarily the best thing that could happen to any man would be a course of instruction at Harvard, but in these days, when some of our staunchest craft in the vicinity of the university seem to have slipped their moorings and got to drifting out into a sea of irresponsible speech, it is well to be careful. This danger aside, however, the Cuban pedagogues will gain much by their little outing, and the fact that while they are here there will be a Presidential campaign in full blast will add much to the interest and value of their education. It would possibly not be a bad idea, in view of their probable exposure to certain pernicious doctrines, to quarantine the fortunate visitors at that hotbed of true Americanism, Chautauqua, for a period of ten days before sending them back to their duties in the Pearl of the Antilles.

MR. CANNON of Illinois made a remarkable suggestion upon the floor of the House of Representatives the other day. After taking part in a running debate on trusts, in which he and Mr. GROSVENOR of Ohio and Mr. SULZER of New York had indulged in much sarcasm and no little wit at each other's expense, he wound up by saying, "Now let us do a little public business and fool the people." It was an excellent proposition, but Mr. CANNON erred in thinking that by doing a little public business he and his fellows could fool the people. It is not only that the people are not so easily fooled, but that this attempt to fool them has been made before. There are instances of at least two or three Congresses in the past decade that have done a little public business, and the people have been quick to observe it. They may not have understood how it happened, but after the first time they were no more deceived by it than the members of Congress themselves.

What Mr. CANNON should have said was, "Now let us do a little public business and *surprise* the people."

THE commonwealth of Massachusetts has always been, and still remains, one of the brightest stars in the American constellation. She rarely goes wrong on public questions, and it has not infrequently happened that the nation has been largely guided in its course by the wisdom of the counsellors from that section of New England. It is with some astonishment and no little pain, therefore, that we note the recent action of a Massachusetts court in sentencing a youth convicted of forgery to banishment from the State for a period of two years. This is distinctly an act of discourtesy toward her sister States, to say nothing of the immorality of it. By just what process of reasoning the Massachusetts dispensers of justice reach the conclusion that they have a right to foist their criminals upon the other States of the Union is not clear. They certainly do not wish to be considered as confessing their inability to care for their own; and yet the alternative is not at all complimentary to the rest of the country. Possibly it was mere thoughtlessness on the part of the committing justice; possibly it was a mistaken act of mercy—in any event, whatever it was that has brought this thing about, Massachusetts owes it to herself to undo the wrong she has perpetrated.

Perhaps the surest method of bringing her to a realization of the magnitude of her offence would be for some New York or New Jersey justice to sentence, upon conviction, some one of the highly interesting lot of criminals now on trial for their misdemeanors to two years at hard labor in the State of Massachusetts. This would have some of the qualities of the *argumentum ad hominem* about it, but there are times when a good shoulder-hitting blow is the most logical of arguments.

PRESIDENT WHITMAN

DEAN NEEDHAM

An AMERICAN SCHOOL of DIPLOMACY

BY JOHN BARRETT
LATE U.S. MINISTER TO SIAM

THE American people have an organized school of diplomacy, but the American government has no permanent diplomatic service. There is an institution in Washington that fits men to be creditable ministers, secretaries, consuls, and vice-consuls of a government at Washington which is so constituted that it provides no sure career and creates no direct demand for such men. This school may therefore seem to be an anomaly, but its most anomalous feature is its remarkable success. The knowledge that its coming graduates have no assurance whatever of appointment to high or low positions does not deter some one hundred men from taking a full or partial course in this school. It has as yet no alumni, because it is barely more than a year old. That it is not better known throughout the country at large, or even in Washington, is due to its youth. Its novelty in American advanced educational methods will soon spread its fame; its practical importance along many lines of public life aside from diplomacy will make its name and work everywhere recognized. It is setting an example which other and older institutions are prone to follow. If they do, the standard of quality among public men will be appreciably raised.

While everybody knows that the United States has no regular diplomatic and consular service having other than a political basis for appointment and promotion, few likewise realize that there is a thoroughly organized, well-equipped, and largely attended School of Diplomacy at our seat of government. What, then, are its nature, its purpose, and its possibilities? How can it thrive if there is no connection between it and the foreign service, and what use can be made of it, even with that condition, to improve our diplomatic and consular service? To discuss and answer briefly some of these questions will be the simple aim of this article.

I.

The eye of the stroller along H Street, Washington, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, catches an interesting name over the handsome entrance of a new building, which reads, "Schools of Law and Diplomacy." If he inquires, he finds that it is a department of Columbian College, an institution which, under the progressive administration of Dr. Benaiah L. Whitman, has risen to considerable prominence. If he ventures within and meets the able dean, Charles W. Needham, he will not only have his curiosity appeased and the full meaning and scope of the school explained, but he will find that the technical name bears the longer and even more interesting wording of "The School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy." Opened on November 18, 1898, in the presence of President McKinley and his cabinet, members of the Supreme Court, American and European diplomatists, and other home and foreign dignitaries, its work was most auspiciously inaugurated. By their addresses, as well as presence, the sanction and blessing of the institution were given by such representative men as Justices Harlan and Brewer of the Supreme Court, Secretary Gage of the cabinet, ex-Secretary-of-State Foster, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada.

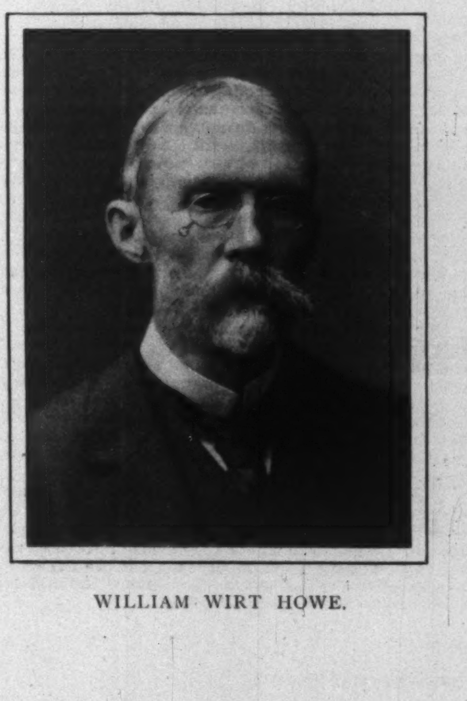
The occasion was so important that M. Caudel, the distinguished librarian of the École Libre des Sciences Politiques, in Paris, made it the subject of the leading paper in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement*, published by the Society of Higher Education in Paris. The article is both earnest and exhaustive, and refers in complimentary terms to the institution as "the first school of political science in the New World."

The faculty as announced to instruct and lecture before the students of the School of Diplomacy was naturally one that would make it popular from the date of its very beginning. The list, which is now enlarged, included, aside from the President of the university and the dean of the school, Hon. John M. Harlan, LL.D., and Hon. David J. Brewer, LL.D., associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hon. David J. Hill, LL.D., Assistant Secretary of State; Hon. Martin A. Knapp, LL.D., chairman Inter-State Commerce Commission; Hon. William P. Wilson, Sc.D., Director Philadelphia Commercial Museums; Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. John W. Foster, LL.D., ex-Secretary of State; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., former minister to Spain; Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Assistant Attorney-General; Hon. William Wirt Howe, President American Bar Association; and Joseph French Johnson, A.B.

The object of the School of Diplomacy has been so well stated by the dean, Mr. Charles W. Needham, LL.M., that I will quote his own words as given to me:

"The design of this school is to afford a training in the subjects of higher legal knowledge, the political history of the world, and the science and practice of diplomacy and international law. Its courses are intended for lawyers, for students of jurisprudence and diplomacy, for persons who desire to fit themselves for the public, diplomatic, and consular service of the United States, and for those who desire a broad culture upon the larger questions of public life in order that they may better acquit themselves as journalists, legislators, and moulders of public opinion upon the national and international issues of the day. To be an international lawyer or diplomatist one must, in addition to an education which makes one a scholar and lawyer, have special knowledge of the higher and broader subjects of the law and the intercourse between states and nations; to be influential in public career a man must have in this day a knowledge of political history, the diplomatic relations which have existed between states and nations, the manner in which international controversies have been settled, the currents of international trade and commerce, the general principles of finance as held by civilized nations, and the modern methods of settling international affairs. It is the special object and purpose of this school to furnish such instruction and opportunities for study at the national capital, where are to be found the archives containing the history of these subjects, and the men who have been called to public life by reason of their special fitness to deal with these questions. These archives and libraries are open to our students, and from among these public men our professors and lecturers are chosen."

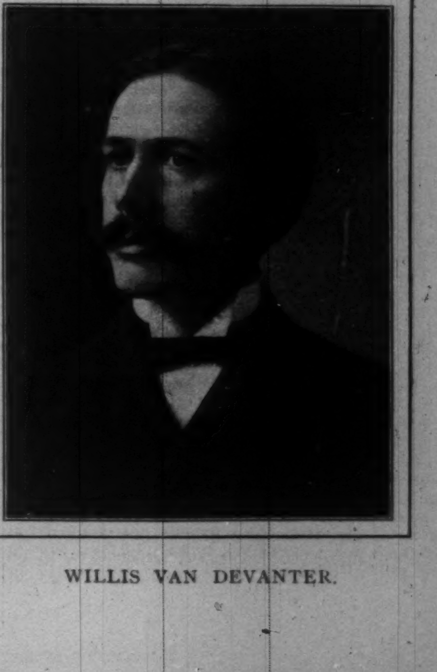
Such a *résumé* of the purposes of the school must appeal to that large and increasing number of young men



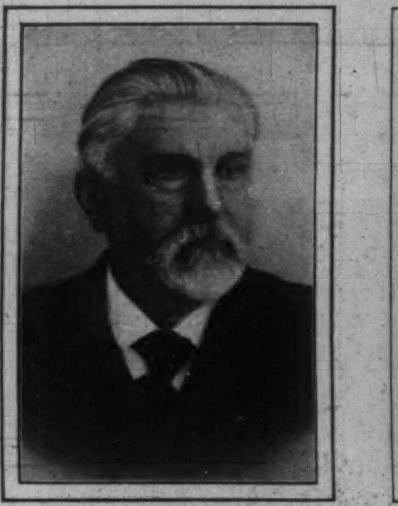
WILLIAM WIRT HOWE.

DAVID J. HILL.

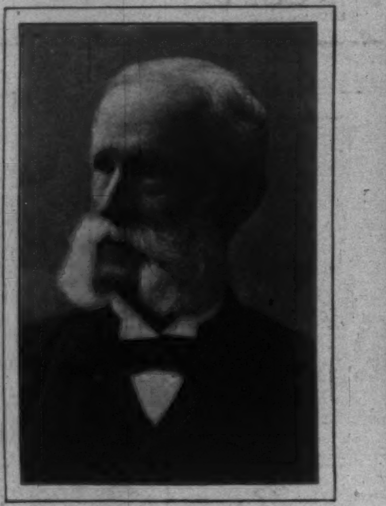
Photographs by Clinedinst.



WILLIS VAN DEVANTER.



J. L. M. CURRY.



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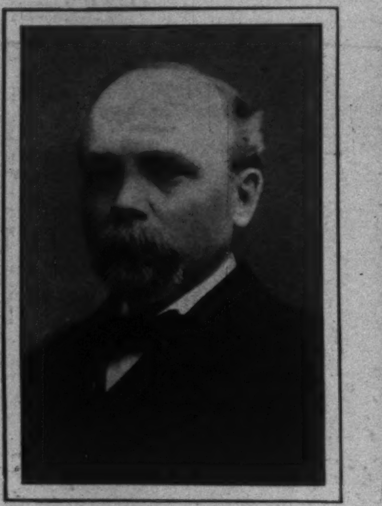


MARTIN KNOPP.

W. P. WILSON.

who wish to enter public life, not with a haphazard education, but with such training and knowledge as will not only enable them to make the most of their opportunities, but accomplish the greatest good for their constituencies or their service, according as they are elected or appointed.

It is interesting to note the terms of admission. Applicants who have taken the degree of Bachelor of Laws in the Columbian, or any other university requiring three years of study for this degree, will be admitted to the first year of the course as candidates for the degree of Master of Laws. Applicants who have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Laws in the Columbian University, or any other university requiring an equal amount of study for the degree, and all others who have done work equivalent to that required for either of these degrees, and who pass a satisfactory examination before the faculty of the school, are entitled to admission to the two years' course as candidates for the degree of Master of Diplomacy o. the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Satisfactory evidence of degrees taken or equivalent work done is required in all cases. Students who have received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law in this school may enter for the one-year course for the degree of Diplomacy.

Any person approved by the dean may attend one or more courses of lectures in the school, have the benefit of the examinations, and receive a certificate for the work done.

A knowledge of Latin is regarded as essential in both of the law courses, to enable students to properly pursue the history of the law; in addition to Latin, one of the modern languages, either French, German, or Spanish, will be required of applicants for the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and a knowledge of either French, German, or Spanish will be required of those taking the degree of Master of Diplomacy. Students who have not received sufficient instruction in the languages required may take the same during their course, in the School of Languages of the university.

II.

The curriculum of the school is aimed to furnish complete courses for those desiring to fit themselves for the higher walks of professional life and for the diplomatic and public service, and would provide a general course of culture in the broader subjects of national life. Located in the city of Washington, with all its facilities for the study of these subjects, where students may meet representative men from every State of the Union and from all nations who are actively engaged in public life, the school has an unparalleled opportunity and an open field. The curriculum provides four distinct courses, with the privilege to students, in either course, of electing any studies which they may desire to take in the other courses. These four are respectively named: 1, The Law Course; 2, The Diplomatic Course; 3, The Economic and Financial Course; and 4, The General Course. Of these the Diplomatic is most interesting. It leads to the new but appropriate degree of Master of Diplomacy, and includes, through two years, in general terms:

History of Diplomacy and Treaties of the United States; Organization of the State Department; Duties of Ambassadors, Ministers, and Consuls; History of European Diplomatists; History of International Arbitration; Organization of Boards of Arbitration; Commercial and Statistical Geography; Comparative Commercial and Maritime Legislation; Possessions of the United States.

Careful consideration of this course will show that it is eminently practical. If every diplomatic and consular officer of the United States would master these branches, either in or out of such a school, he would become an invaluable servant of his government. He might lose his position the moment he completed his studies, but the value and use of his labors would not be lost. His counsel and advice in foreign affairs, given out either in some other public office or through the press as a private citizen, would be helpful to his country, and bring credit to him as a man of ability and discernment.

The degrees conferred, aside from Master of Diplomacy, are Master of Laws and Doctor of Civil Laws, but the Doctor of Civil Law can, after a new year of studies, acquire the title of Master of Diplomacy. The year of study begins in October and ends in May. Examinations are in the form largely of written compositions, and these are prepared at the completion of any subject. Prizes are offered for work in particular lines. The tuition fee is not large, amounting to only eighty dollars a year, and there are no other charges except for the diploma. All books used are furnished to students at cost. Those who cannot take a full course are given certificates for the actual work done. The school has so far depended for its support on Columbian University, which has provided for its needs and paid the expenses not covered by fees of matriculation and tuition, but it is hoped that generous and public-spirited citizens of the nation will soon provide it with a sufficient endowment to make it practically independent.

I am informed that the School of Diplomacy has the endorsement of Secretary John Hay, who bids fair to go down to history as one of our greatest ministers of foreign affairs; while the other trained men in the State Department, like Assistant-Secretary David J. Hill, who is a graduate of the Paris School of Political Science, Second-Assistant-Secretary Alvey A. Adee, and Third-Assistant-Secretary Thomas W. Cridler, believe in the efficacy and usefulness of its work. Secretary Hay's recommendation for student interpreters at Peking is a step in the right direction, and smacks of the same idea of diplomatic schooling. If Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's bill for the improvement of the diplomatic and consular service shall ever pass Congress, this School of Diplomacy will find that a career awaits the successful competitors among its graduates. If President McKinley is elected to a second term, as now seems probable, it may remain for him to signalize his final administration by the development and organization of a permanent foreign service.

As we are to hold the Philippines, where in the government of the islands more will depend upon the class of officials the President sends out than upon any other influence, it will become necessary to prepare men by special course of training for the responsibilities before them, and to gradually organize a permanent quasi-colonial staff. In that event the School of Diplomacy will provide much of the instruction they will require, while its course may be specially honored or enlarged to suit the new demands of our wider statesmanship.

III.

Our foreign service is now so organized that the great majority of positions are controlled by political influence, but there is a certain number of lesser places that are filled by the successful competitors in examinations. It stands to reason that young men qualified in this new school will secure a fair proportion of such appointments. All things being equal, the advantage obtained at the start will show in the work they do, and entitle them to promotion as far, at least, as the line drawn between civil service and political influence. Gradually the fruits of this training will be more and more in evidence until the value of having disciplined and experienced men will assist in forming a cumulative and irresistible argument in favor of an established and permanent diplomatic and consular service equal to that of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia.

The time is coming, though it may be dimly distant, when we not only must but will have a system corresponding in importance, in preparation, and in advancement or promotion to that of the regular army and navy. Then the present private School of Diplomacy may become a government institution, or it with others may occupy a similar position to that of first-class military schools which have no government support, but which turn out men well qualified to be officers in time of war, and to maintain the strength and *esprit de corps* of the State militia and great civilian reserve force in times of peace. No one can expect or wish that the time will come when all ministers and consuls could only be men who had grown up in the government service. There are conditions and times when others might be better suited. It would not seem right to tie the hands of the Executive so that he could not name an ambassador, minister, or consul-general from other ranks than those of the trained service, any more than to deny him the privilege of selecting a volunteer general for some high responsibility that might ordinarily be reserved for an officer of the regular army. We cannot do without the regular army, but its utility and effectiveness would not be for the best advantage of our government if a volunteer officer or one selected from outside the regular army could not be appointed to a position or post for which by natural ability he was specially qualified.

There is one direct use of this School of Diplomacy that might be considered worthy of practical trial by the government without waiting for the day when Congress shall inaugurate a new system of selection and appointment of ministers, consuls, secretaries, and vice-consuls. The order could be issued that, whenever practical, all men appointed to foreign and colonial positions should attend a course of lectures at this school. Now such appointees have what is termed a period of instruction, extending over thirty days between the date of their commission and that of departure for their posts. If that time was lengthened to only ninety days, so that they could attend the School of Diplomacy and receive practical instruction in the actual duties and responsibilities of ministers and consuls, together with essential points of international law, meaning and making of treaties, and kindred questions, a great advantage in the effectiveness of our foreign service would be gained. The extra sixty days of instruction in Washington might save six months of mistakes and misunderstandings at the foreign post. The extra two months' salary would be a mere bagatelle in the annual cost saved to the government in expenses, and charges incurred by the inexperienced incumbent, not including claims and other demands on the government growing out of ill-judged acts of the untrained official.

There are a thousand and one things that the newly appointed minister or consul could learn in a few weeks' attendance at the lectures of such an institution that would be of inestimable value to him when he reached his post. Every one of us who have had the honor to serve the government in diplomatic or consular positions, without previous experience or training, appreciates the trials, worries, and mistakes of the first six months or year, that could be avoided by specific instruction at Washington. I would not cast any reflection on the officials of the State Department, who unselfishly endeavor to set the new appointee aright before entering upon extensive responsibilities in distant parts. In reality they do far more than is expected of them, especially in view of the fact that there is no officer whose specific duty is to instruct new men, while at present every high responsible official in the State Department has his hands full of the regular work of foreign relations. Then again, very few newly appointed ministers and consuls devote that thirty days provided by statute, during which they can draw pay, to actual study of duties and responsibilities. Having been exclusively occupied up to the day of their nomination in "pulling wires" to secure the desired place, they immediately proceed home from Washington to arrange their business and domestic affairs, and then, with only two or three days left before the steamer sails, undertake, by spending that time at Washington in the State Department, to master the details of their duties and responsibilities, and familiarize themselves by "cramming" with matters that cannot possibly be honestly and intelligently learned and digested in as many months as they have devoted days to it.

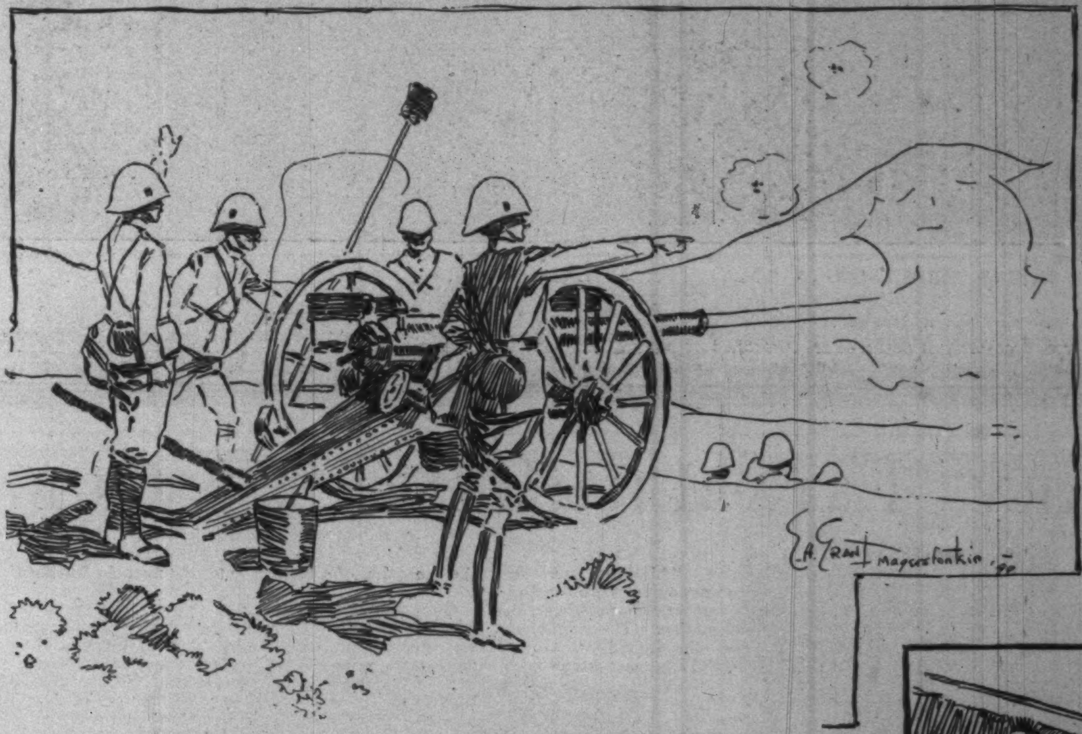
If this plan of extending the period of instruction for the purpose of attending the School of Diplomacy were supplemented by the requirement, or at least by the recommendation, that consuls, vice-consuls, and secretaries and attachés of legations should on special leave of absence devote some appropriate period, such as a month, or three months, once in two or three years, to study at this school, a great advance in the standard and efficiency of diplomatic and consular officers would be certainly noted and appreciated. It could hardly be expected as consistent with the dignity of their offices that ministers, consul-generals, and the highest consuls should be compelled to take any such courses, but it could be required at least of their assistants and of the younger men, who respectively are their advisers and helpers, and who are often those called upon to give "the chief" the information he needs in a diplomatic negotiation or a consular order.

The only influence that has saved American foreign representatives from making mistakes that would have been irreparable, and that has made them so efficient in spite of political influence, has been the remarkable adaptability of the American man to entirely new surroundings and responsibilities, mingled with indomitable energy in learning those things of which before he was ignorant. These qualities have kept our diplomatic and consular agents up to a higher standard than our people are wont to acknowledge; but, unfortunately, all ministers and consuls and their assistants do not possess this adaptability and energy. As a result, woful conditions often develop that require all the skill of the trained heads of the State Department to avoid strained relations and sad misunderstandings with foreign countries. Had the same men, however, been put through even a brief period of instruction in duties, responsibilities, outlines of international law, and interpretation of treaties, the modicum of common-sense which all average men are supposed to possess before they can become foreign representatives or assistants would save them from such blunders.

Our present staff of ambassadors, ministers, and consuls are, taken as a whole, doing too good work and accomplishing too much to invite or warrant absolute condemnation of the system in vogue; but it is the men, not the system, that are to be commended. The latter is undoubtedly bad *per se*, and were it not that the President has filled most of the important and responsible posts with men of considerable ability, there would be no safeguard for quality and efficiency.

If America is to become and remain the paramount commercial, political, and moral force among the nations of this world, which we all hope is her ultimate destiny, the chief desideratum will be a permanent foreign service of the highest quality. Without it we may become involved in entanglements that will be the cause of our undoing.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS ADVANCING ON THE BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSFONTEIN.



BRITISH GUN IN ACTION AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

A SEAFORTH HIGHLANDER.

THE BRIDGES OVER MODDER RIVER.
In the Background is the Railroad Bridge that was blown up by the Boers. The Trestle-Bridge in the Foreground was constructed by the Royal Engineers.

HOTEL COURT-YARD AT MODDER RIVER.
The Sketch shows an Iron Water-Tank, riddled with Bullets, in which two dead Boers were found by the British.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches made in the Field by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

BOERS REPULSING A SORTIE FROM LADYSMITH.
PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. EASTON.
The Boers are shown standing in the open veldt between Pepworth Hill and Lombard's Kop, five miles north of Ladysmith. These men had been lying flat on the ground until the regiment of the King's Royal Rifles appeared over a rise nine hundred yards in front of them, when they took the position shown in the photograph and fired volleys until the British disappeared.

OUR MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT IN CUBA

IF Governor Wood induces the War Department to follow his ideas, there will be some radical changes in the American military establishment in Cuba in the near future. At present there are four departments—the eastern Department of Santiago and Puerto Principe, the central Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, the western Department of Havana and Pinar del Rio, and the Department of the City of Havana.

The last department will be the first to be eliminated, being either absorbed by the Department of Havana and Pinar del Rio or else extended to include these provinces. Closely following this would come the amalgamation of the departments of Matanzas and Santa Clara and Havana and Pinar del Rio, thus leaving but two military departments in the island. Governor Wood believes that under existing circumstances the Department of the City of Havana, from a military point of view, is an absurdity, though in the earlier days of the American administration it was the most important of all.

Owing to the control by Americans of the expenditure of Cuban revenue, they were able to spend money where they thought it most needed, and fully one-half of the entire expenditure of the state has been in the city of Havana, which contains but one-fifth of the population—a condition which could not have prevailed had the expenditures of Cuba been controlled by a representative body elected from all parts of the island. This great proportion of expenditure was justified, however, by the fact that Havana was the main point of contact with the outside world, and in justice to the thousands of Americans who were serving Cuba in military and official capacity it was necessary to do everything possible to make Havana a fit place to live in. This in itself was necessarily a matter of great amounts of money, unremitting labor, and only partial success.

There are now in Cuba somewhat less than 10,000 American soldiers. Governor Wood favors the reduction of this force as soon as possible to not more than 6000 men.

He would have this force entirely mounted, highly organized, and kept away from the cities, but where it would be immediately available in case of need. The eastern department is the only one considered as dangerous, for all past disturbances and outbreaks have occurred within its boundaries. There are now 2400 American troops in that department, of the Eighth and Tenth Cavalry and the Fifth Infantry, the latter being mounted, so that the entire force is practically cavalry. This force Governor Wood would maintain at its present strength, all reductions being made in the central and western departments, where there are now about 7000 soldiers. There is an entire regiment of artillery in Cuba—the Second. Governor Wood believes this regiment should be sent home, with the exception of a battery or two to man the fortifications of Havana.

GENERAL J. D. P. FRENCH,
Who led the Flying Column which raised the Siege of Kimberley, February 15.

Going further than this, and as a second step, Governor Wood is in favor of making the whole of Cuba one military department, with headquarters at Havana, thus reducing the expense and complications arising from the maintenance of several brigadier-generals and their staffs. The Governor would then reduce the force of American soldiers in the island to about three regiments, or 3000 men, supplementing this force by enlisting three regiments (or 3000) of native Cubans, officered by Americans. He has great faith in the Cubans as soldiers when they are in the uniform of the United States, and he instances the efficiency, patriotism, and active service of the rural guard, now numbering 1300, as evidence of what can be done with this material. This guard will shortly be commanded by American officers, thus forming a nucleus for the military organization proposed for the future.

Should the above-suggested changes be made in the American military establishment in Cuba, it will make many changes in the roster of American officers now on the island. Generals Ludlow, Wilson, and Lee, and all the officers of their staffs, would either find new places in Cuba or be recalled. The present outlook indicates that General Ludlow might be selected to remain in Cuba, as General Wood expresses a high opinion of his abilities, and of the work he has accomplished under most trying and complex conditions; but the influences which prevail in the selection of the commanding officers are so subtle and the situation changes so rapidly that it is almost useless to speculate upon so remote a contingency. General Ludlow has opposed the letting of great contracts in the city of Havana, for sewers and other sanitary work, to private individuals, at evidently extortionate prices, and has favored the doing of the work under the plans and direction of the engineer corps of the United States, the city only paying the actual expense. In doing this he has incurred the enmity of very strong influences, now at work to undermine his standing and disparage his labors of the past year. He has been supported unanimously, however, in his position by the United States authorities so far in the past and present.

Whether General Wood's ideas will prevail entirely with the War Department is as yet an open question, but his general scheme for the military occupation of Cuba by the United States is about as stated, and he now hopes to accomplish this fully within the present year.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

ON THE BOER FIRING-LINE NEAR LADYSMITH.
PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. EASTON.

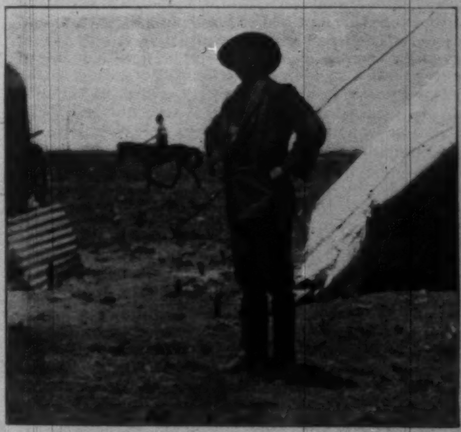
A platoon of British Lancers had been reported as issuing from Ladysmith to make a reconnaissance. The Boers went out to meet them, and were in the act of digging the trench (shown in the picture), when the cavalry appeared from behind a kopje three miles distant. The indistinct black line standing out against the hill on the left of the photograph is the cavalry troop. Mr. Easton states that these Boers began volleying just after he took this picture. The Lancers were repulsed.

Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

James Barnes, Correspondent for the "Outlook."

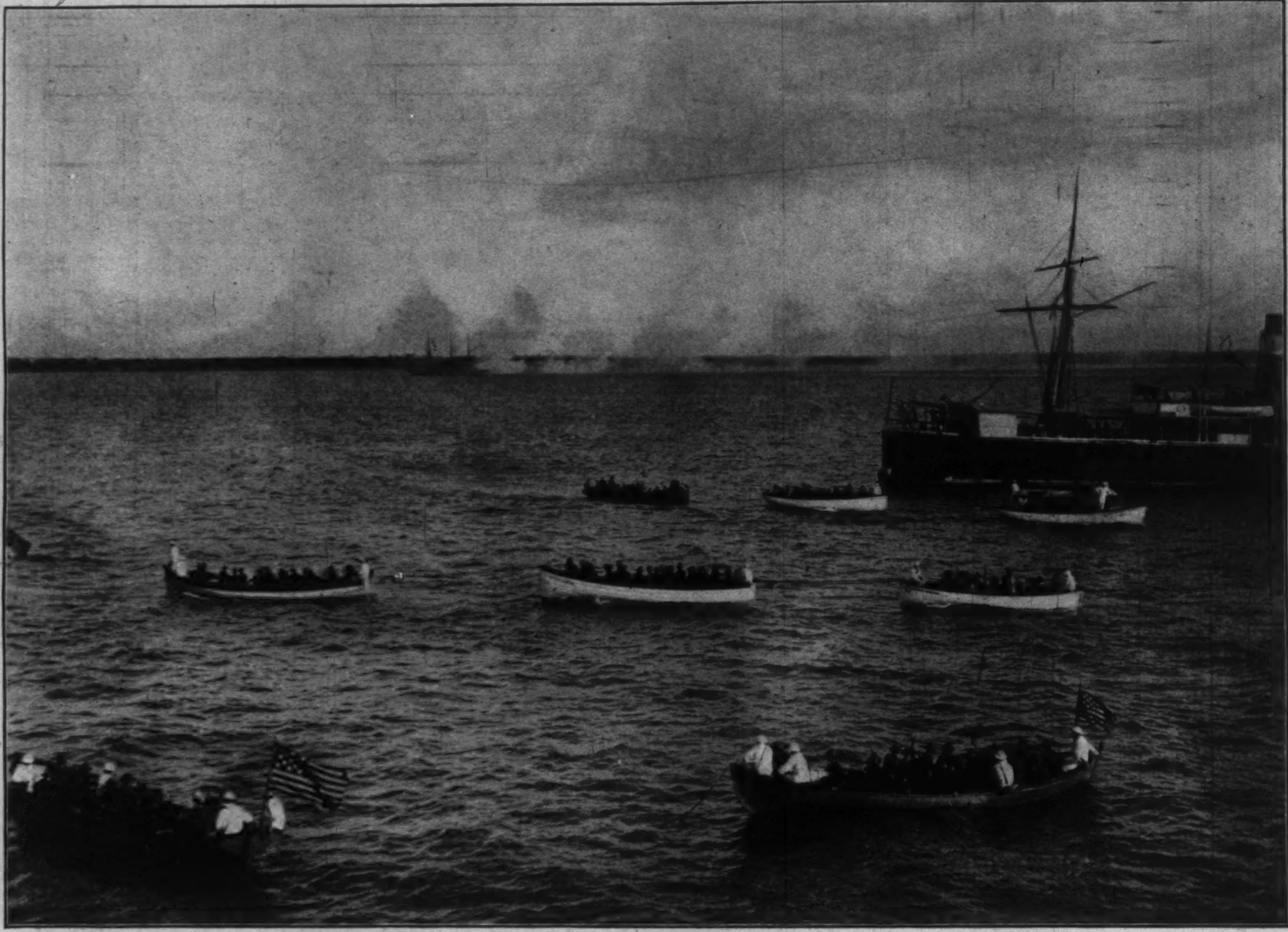
THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM H. M. S. "DORIS" AT MODDER RIVER.

THE CAMP AT MODDER RIVER.
Officers of the Scots Guards preparing to make a Reconnaissance.



McBETH,
Who carried Despatches from Mafeking and Kimberley to General Methuen at Modder River.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE GUNBOATS BOMBARDING SAN FABIAN PREPARATORY TO THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS.

WHEATON'S EXPEDITION TO LINGAYEN GULF

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

AGUINALDO hastened the footsteps of his retreating army until they were on the dead run, when General Wheaton landed two thousand men at the strategic point on Lingayen Gulf known as San Fabian. The ex-President and now declared Dictator was in imminent danger of being cut off entirely, by Lawton and Young on one side and Wheaton on the other, from the great tobacco valley of the north where he hoped to keep up the game of hide-and-go-seek indefinitely.

Wheaton's landing was superb. It is difficult to imagine a combination in cruel war where the purely technical military elements were carried out with greater precision and decisiveness, and yet with a picturesqueness which appealed strongly to the senses of the onlooker. The military man would have declared unhesitatingly that the movement exhibited what can be done by Americans in the "science of war," but the less-schooled correspondent, with æsthetic ideas of his own and a camera, would have quite as positively insisted that it was an example of the "art of war," and high art at that.

It was not until November 6 that Wheaton sailed out of Manila Harbor, though he had been withdrawn from the north line at Angeles fully a month before with the understanding that he would take command of such an expedition in a few days. While the delay was long enough to allow the news to sift through the army that some move on Dagupan was contemplated, it was rather a success as a secret movement—compared with many of the previous advances, shrouded in mystery only at the Palace, but known in detail to every officer in the line and half of the enlisted men. In this case not an official order was sent General Wheaton, not a telegraphic order relating to the expedition was put on the wire, and in fact the general himself was not informed positively of the date of sailing until forty-eight hours before the transports, crowded with soldiers, left the bay.

In anticipation of the event, General Wheaton, however, had carefully selected his staff, and Captain Day, his chief quartermaster, and his commissary, Lieutenant Bashe of Cuban fame, had worked out on paper all possible contingencies and knew where they could lay their hands instantly on transportation, ordnance supplies, and subsistence, so that, when the time came, they executed the remarkable performance of fitting out an expedition by water down to the last detail, loaded everything aboard transports, had tugs, lighters, and cascos for disembarking, and were moving toward their destination within two days of the time of notification.

The morning papers of November 5 advertised the clearance of the transport *Sheridan* for Nagasaki, Japan, and the smaller steamer *Francisco Reyes* for Ilo Ilo and Cebu. To mystify the native spies who lurk among the native laborers at the Quartermaster's Department, every box and parcel for the *Sheridan* was marked for some place in America, and those for the *Reyes* bore legends of Ilo Ilo and Cebu. So completely fooled and irritated thereby were the Spanish crew on this latter boat, that they refused to work for a few minutes after they learned where we were going, and had to be urged to their duties gently by the American soldiers.

The expedition consisted of the Thirty-third Infantry, which had just arrived from the United States, under Colonel Hare, and the Thirteenth regular infantry, which fought at Santiago and lost one-fourth of its men in the brilliant charge of San Juan, under Colonel Bisbee. Two field-guns and two Gatlings were all the artillery which could be spared at the start, but General Otis had promised to send up some soon-expected dynamite-guns. There were 750,000 rounds of Krag ammunition in boxes on board, and 200,000 rounds in the belts of the men; the Gatlings had to their credit 200,000 rounds of forty-five calibre, and there was ample shell and shrapnel for the field-guns. A hundred thousand field-rations for the soldiers, and ten thousand coolie rations for two hundred Chinese, represented the food-supply. The hospital corps went furnished with supplies for a field-hospital of fifty beds, but they were short of first-aid bandages, except those each man is supposed to carry.

By the time breakfast was over on the morning of November 7, twenty-six hours after starting, the expedition was rounding the southern headland of the wide-mouthed Gulf of Lingayen, one hundred and sixty miles north of Manila. The navy vessels *Helena* and *Manila* had raced off two days before to communicate with the *Charleston*, *Bennington*, and *Princeton*, and the little *Samar* and *Callao*, all of which were doing patrol duty along the coast and in the gulf.

It was not until two in the afternoon that the outlines of our ships came into view from the south. Every officer crowded forward on the lower deck and eagerly watched the ships and shore grow in size. General Wheaton stood on the bridge, nervously tapping his foot, and speculating as to how prompt the navy would be in its movements, and the possibility of landing before sunset.

He need not have speculated regarding the promptitude of the naval action, for the *Callao* came tearing toward the *Sheridan* as soon as she was sighted, bearing Captain Knox of the *Princeton* and Captain Moore of the *Helena*, who immediately came aboard. As the transport flotilla slowly forged through the water toward the coast the naval men and the general were arranging the plans for landing. Let it be said to the credit of General Wheaton that he did the unusual thing, for a military man, of putting himself entirely in the hands of the navy, with the remark, "My only desire is to have my troops landed expeditiously on the beach at San Fabian."

At half past two the naval captains were steaming toward their war-vessels; at three-thirty the transports had sailed five miles and dropped anchor within twenty-five hundred yards of the beach and directly behind the warships, which were moving into position in a long line, ready to begin the bombardment.

From the shore came the spitting fire of ragged volleys of Mausers pluckily fired by the insurgents at the smaller gunboats, while from the centre of the largest earth-work of banked sand came a single shell from a small brass cannon (in return for the terrific hail of exploding shrapnel), which hurtled harmlessly through the rigging of the *Princeton*.

Perhaps the most hysterically funny occurrence which ever became a part of an episode of war, where shrilly shrieking shells carried death and blood in their flying trails, took place in the next few minutes. It was General Wheaton's intention to lead the landing party in person, but he made the fatal mistake, just before four-thirty, of getting into a gig pulled only by sailors' brawny arms. Half a battalion of the Thirteenth Infantry and the same number of the Thirty-third were sparring nervously for advantage in position before the final race for shore began. The steam-launches which towed the Thirteenth kept edging toward the left, until they were out from the cover of the fleet; and the Thirty-third, fearful that they might be left, kept crowding after them. General Wheaton, standing tall, stern-visaged, and warlike in the bow of his own boat, was pulled toward the wavering, bobbing lines of soldier-boats, but before he could give an order the over-zealous Thirteenth was off, followed by the Thirty-third, madly trying to make up the intervening space. General Wheaton yelled and swore and waved his arms in a hopeless attempt to stop the speeding launches. He implored the crew of his own boat to "pull," with finely seasoned American invectives; he snatched the signal-flag from the bottom of the boat and waved it fiercely aloft in his long arms; but the Thirteenth and the Thirty-third were racing for the glory of landing first on the beach, and probably never saw the general again after the thrilling race began. General Wheaton's boat was still a speck on the water when K Company of the Thirteenth proudly and with thumping hearts splashed through the knee-deep water and ran staggering on to the sandy shore, peppered by a whistling fire from the enemy in the near-by trenches. The general laughingly said, the next day, that anybody who came within the range of his voice must have thought him crazy, and he modestly admitted that he recognized the possible strength of the English

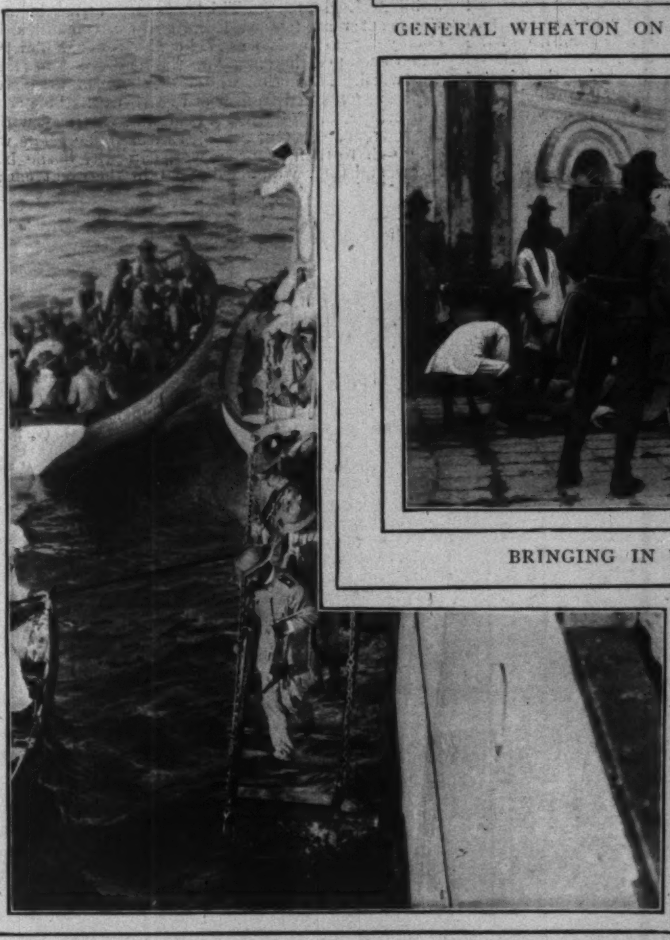
THE GATLING GUN ON THE BEACH AT SAN FABIAN.

COOLIE PORTERS.

GENERAL WHEATON ON BRIDGE OF THE "SHERIDAN."

A ROW OF PRISONERS.

BRINGING IN WOUNDED FILIPINOS.



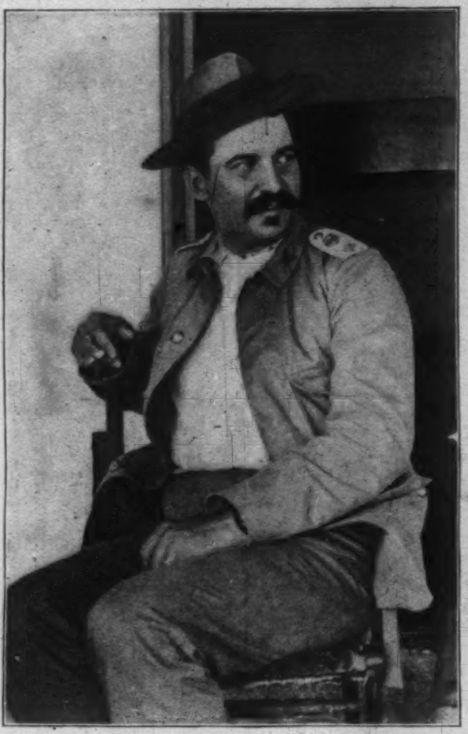
GENERAL WHEATON LEAVING THE "SHERIDAN."

GENERAL WHEATON ABOUT TO LEAD THE LANDING PARTY.

LANDING STORES ON THE BEACH AT SAN FABIAN.

INCIDENTS OF WHEATON'S EXPEDITION INTO LINGAYEN GULF.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."



MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN,
33d U. S. V. Infantry.

COLONEL L. H. HARE,
33d U. S. V. Infantry.

COLONEL WILLIAM H. BISBEE,
13th U. S. Infantry.

language, and believed that he had reached the top notch of expletives on this occasion.

The landing was magnificent. Four hundred men huddled closely in the snaky line of boats, returning as best they could from the water the enemy's fire, which punctured the launches and even made holes in the small boats, without touching a man. They rushed almost simultaneously on to the yellow sands of the shore, deployed as they ran, and gave back the enemy's bullets in double, blinding volleys from behind the protecting lee of the nearest row of sand dunes. The *Samar* and *Callao* shelled the landing-place ahead of the small boats, and the navy ensigns in charge of the tows, who, individually and collectively, believe they can thrash an entire insurgent army from a row-boat, kept pounding away with their unprotected 1-pounders in the bows of their launches.

The noise, the action, the color, were superb as a picture of war. The great guns of the navy roared, throwing cyclones of sand high in the air with each shell; the staccato beat of the Hotchkiss cannon kept in rhythm with the heavier discharges, and the whirring tick-tack of the Colt's automatic played the high notes in the martial music. Viewed from the war-ships, the landing soldiers were puppets on a stage, who fell on their faces, rose again, charged an unseen enemy, waved their tiny hats as a sign of victory, and all this amid a setting of rolling sand dunes, with a background of soft green palm-trees and odd grass houses, and with a foreground of blue ocean lazily lapping the yellow shore with frothy-lipped white-caps.

The navy gave a prize exhibition of what it can do in landing troops where the details are left entirely in its hands. In less than three hours it had put over two thousand men ashore; and it should be remembered that not a large man-of-war was present. The work was done with four small launches, towing six whale-boats each, and a tug with a single big casco which would carry a hundred men.

The receiving party of insurgents who welcomed us to San Fabian, by firing their guns in the air, did not number more than a hundred men, though the official records name them as many more. By their undignified display of nervousness, only two of our soldiers were able to secure the nickel-plated souvenirs, distasteful to some, but much prized by others when they leave a proper earmark in a soft muscle.

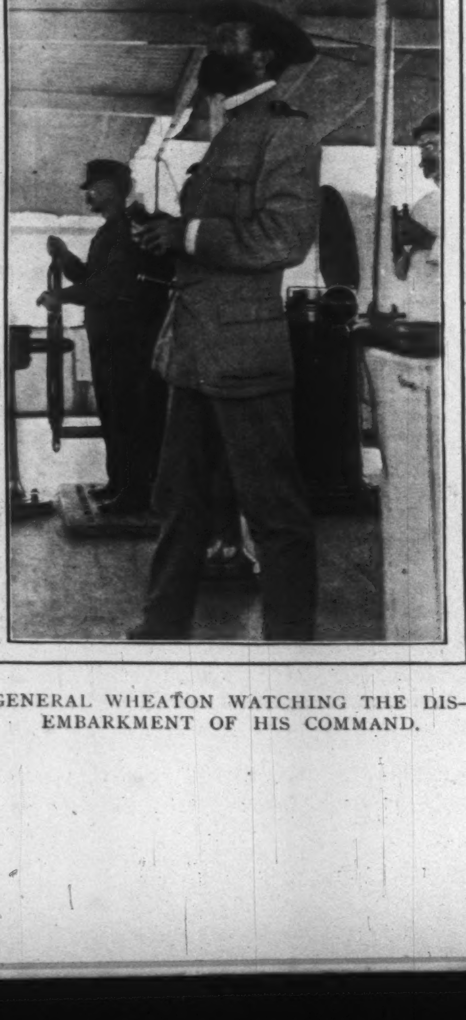
The troops were not invited into the town of San Fabian, a mile below, and as General Wheaton had no intention of sleeping on damp sands, though the dusk of evening was drawing its veil over the landscape, he took prompt measures for disciplining our reluctant hosts. From beyond the waters of a deep lagoon, traversed by a frail swaying bamboo hand-bridge, the insurgents were keeping up the song of the bullets. It was an ugly place to cross, and looked as if it meant certain death to every man attempting it. General Wheaton stood exposed upon a hummock, with the sand shifting under his feet, for several minutes, carefully noting the direction of the fire. He suddenly turned and exclaimed, "I want officers who will volunteer to carry men across that bridge and drive those niggers from their trenches." Several officers sprang forward; but young Captain Howland, his aide, was nearest at hand, and got the commission. Over the swinging, bending structure he ran, followed by twenty men, so fiercely yelling that it almost drowned the fusillade of high-shot bullets. The insurgents broke and ran. American nerve and daring are always more than they can stand. It takes an iron nerve to perform feats of this kind; and yet the army is filled with just such men as Howland, who, for the very sorry glory to be gained in Philippine campaigning, will, without a tremor, risk their lives twenty times a day. San Fabian was ours.

Into town our troops marched in the growing dark. From the swamps, fringed round with cocoanut and nipa palm, came the glad cries of "Viva Americanos!" and wading toward us, waist-deep in the black and muddy waters, came a score of creatures—human beings bespattered from head to foot with slimy ooze, and with water trickling from their clothing at every step. They rushed upon General Wheaton and tried to kiss his hands. In their ecstasy they threw themselves bodily upon protesting soldiers and hugged them tight around the neck, until the Americans were equally disguised with muck and mire. They were escaped Spanish prisoners, who had lain for hours in the marshes, under the terrific shell-fire of the navy, with only their faces above water.

It was impossible that night to determine the size of San Fabian, where the main roads ran, or the probabilities of an attack. In the dark, outposts were thrown out around the church, and all the roads which seemed to be main ones were doubly posted. All was quiet during the night, and the troops slept heavily in their clothes upon the dew-laden grass of the plaza, with one hand upon their loaded rifles. Now and then some nervous outpost would fire upon the martial ghosts which haunt every rooky's brain, but the tired sleepers slumbered on.

At dawn reveille rang muffled through the moist warm air, and two thousand men grumbled for their breakfasts, while detachments marched to the shore for subsistence supplies, which Quartermaster Day was already landing through the surf of a shallow beach, on the backs of coolies, from anchored cascos. Tired of waiting, the men began hustling for their own breakfasts; the squeals of lean, lank hogs rose above the cackling of wildly flying chickens and the astonished quacks of downy ducks.

Three reconnoissance parties of a battalion each were sent out during the morning. One under Major Buck, of the Thirteenth, toward San Jacinto, went southward, where it was hoped that some of Lawton's troops would be found, but they met no resistance, and found no American soldiers within five miles. Next day, in less than half that distance, a terrific fight took place. Major John A. Logan of the Thirty-third went northward over the coast road toward Rosario for seven miles, but no enemy appeared. It was Major Marsh of the Thirty-third who developed the enemy on the road going to Dagupan, westward. The action was short, sharp, and decisive, and the insurgents fled from heavy earth-works beyond a broken bridge, leaving several dead and wounded with guns in the trenches. Our casualties were none. The wounded, much to their surprise, were carefully borne back on litters, and their wounds dressed in the great cathedral, which had been temporarily turned into a hospital.



GENERAL WHEATON WATCHING THE DISEMBARKMENT OF HIS COMMAND.

The third day after landing, General Wheaton sent two battalions of the Thirty-third out toward San Jacinto. It was supposed no resistance would be met until near or past that town, and the command, feeling secure, marched rapidly along. Only two and a half miles from San Fabian the front, some six hundred yards in their advance, blazed with the fire of Mausers, and in the first volley half a dozen men went down. Major Logan's battalion, in the lead, was rapidly deployed and began a careful advance. A soldier falls mortally wounded near Logan's side. He goes to him, bends down, and then a bullet crashes through his own brain, and he sinks slowly over the prostrate form, dead. A hospital corps man rushes in and attempts to carry the body of brave Logan from the field, and after a few steps he too stumbles and falls with his burden, his heroic life-blood mingling with that of his major. Insurgent sharpshooters were doing their best work of the war, and man after man was going down under a deliberate fire such as we have not seen in the Philippines before. "Lie down! Lie down!" some officer yells, and the men hug the ground. One ex-Rough-Rider of Cuba, with this new regiment, remarks to his neighbor, with his cheek in the mud: "Say, Bill, didn't you make a bluff about these niggers not shootin' straight?" "Charge!" and the regiment of cowboys, plainsmen, and Cuban fighters rise to their feet with a demoniacal yell, and tear over the wet and slippery ground toward the enemy, who let out a crackling fire, rapidly weakening in volume, and then ceasing entirely. The wicked, bloodthirsty roar from the American throats is too much even for picked insurgents, and they flee over the rice-fields and down the road. A handful of plucky insurgents keep up the running fight until near San Jacinto. Night is coming on, and we withdraw with our dead and wounded.

It was a sad, sad business losing Logan, who had endeared himself to the hearts of officers and men alike by his personal bravery and desire to carry his battalion into the thick of battle. Poor chap! his first engagement was his last, but he died leading his men, and his last act in life was an attempt to minister to a wounded comrade.

Aguinaldo was retreating with his weakened army on the main road which led through San Jacinto to the north, and, to prevent their being cut off, some four hundred picked sharpshooters from the insurgent ranks had been selected to hold Wheaton back while they passed. They succeeded admirably, and all that night long bugle calls of the insurrectos could be heard to the southward in the quiet air. It was believed that San Fabian might be surrounded, and the two thousand men holding the town concentrated for the onslaught. It never came, as Aguinaldo, pressed by Lawton and Young on his right, was making the historic retreat of his campaign. San Nicolas was cut off on the east. Wheaton held the coast road; the insurgents fled, doubling on their tracks. A small party tried to go through the Pozzorubio mountain pass north of San Nicolas; they succeeded by leaving all supplies behind, and a few miles out they buried Aguinaldo's treasure of $75,000 near the trail. A native driver disclosed the hiding-place to the Americans, and since he has constantly begged to be sent to the United States, as he is fearful that death will overtake him through some assassin's hand for his treachery. The rest of the scattering insurgents began the fearful race through the small gap left and up the coast of Lingayen gulf.

"YOU ARE EXACTLY ON TIME," SAID THE ORGANIZER OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER V.

EVERT BROOKFIELD had always thought of Mrs. Jimmy Suydam as an easy-going woman, languid, not to say lazy, and too well satisfied with herself and with what she possessed ever to make any effort for anything more. But it soon became evident that since she accepted the presidency of the Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League, and determined that the best way to raise money for her society was by getting up an amateur performance of "Frou Frou," she had unexpected energy and remarkable executive ability. She knew what she wanted, and she got it. She did not hurry, and she was not fussy, and she never fidgeted her allies; but she had the knack of getting others to do the work she wished to have done. She kept them up to the mark without apparent exertion, and as Evert observed the operation of these invaluable qualities he recalled a remark of his father's, who was her physician, to the effect that Mrs. Jimmy's was one of the best-ordered households in New York.

Although Evert had yielded his consent to his wife's appearing as *Frou Frou*, he would not have been grieved if the performance had been abandoned. But Mrs. Suydam would not let herself be daunted by difficulties, although two of these arose, either of which might well have wrecked the enterprise. There was no amateur actress of New York available for the important part of *Louise*, the sister of the heroine; and Mrs. Jimmy, urged by Gurney Twiss, whose heart would have broken had the performance been given up, and advised also by the stage-manager, Sherrington, whom Twiss had recommended to her, had promptly asked Miss Margaret Archibald to play the part. And when the amateur who was to act the hero, Dick de Ruyter, the brother of the novelist, was suddenly sent to Mexico by his employers, and had therefore to return his part only the day before the first rehearsal, Mrs. Suydam, again advised by Mr. Sherrington, had requested the assistance of Mr. Gordon Scott. Now Miss Archibald and Mr. Scott were not amateurs; they were professional actors; and they happened, both of them, to be out of an engagement in the middle of the winter only because of the serious illness of a distinguished tragedian, to whose company they had belonged.

Evert did not quite like the quasi-professional flavor thus given to the entertainment. But his wife assured him that it was too late for her to back out now even if she wanted to do so, and she did not want; in fact she rather thought it would be nice to have professionals, since this might make the papers pay more attention to the performance. For her part she was tired of all this gossip about society ladies and club-men, and she only waited for an opportunity to show them all that she could really act *Frou Frou*. She asserted that she did not want to be boastful, but she was not afraid of Miss Archibald's outshining her—*Frou Frou* was an ever so much better part, and *Louise* was not on at all in the fourth act, and even in the big scene in the third act *Frou Frou* had the best of it, and *Louise* was only a feeder.

"A feeder?" Evert had repeated curiously.

And she had to explain that that was what professionals called a character who is of secondary importance. As for Mr. Gordon Scott, she went on, it was true that Dick de Ruyter would have looked the part all right, and he might have played it after a fashion; but if *Frou Frou* was to have a chance at all, she ought to be well supported. Amateurs like little Gurney Twiss were all very well for parts like *Valréas*, but the husband was ever so much more important, and she would have a great deal more confidence in the success of the show if *Sartorys* was in the hands of an experienced actor.

"You will see that I'm right," she concluded, "at the first rehearsal."

"You don't want me to go to the rehearsals, do you?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Of course I do," she returned. "I want you to go everywhere with me. And I'd never dare face all those people I don't know, if you weren't there."

Evert was very busy just then, and his mornings were precious to him; but he sacrificed himself to his wife and went to the first rehearsal, which was held not at the Metropolitan Opera House, but at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, where Sherrington was the stage-manager.

It was just eleven on a sloppy, foggy morning in January when Evert and Carla stepped out of their coupé at the stage entrance of the Cosmopolitan Theatre, hidden away down a side street.

They pushed through a swing-door, and were halted by a harsh voice from a sort of sentry-box on one side.

"What do you want?" asked the voice, which belonged to a wizened little old man.

"Is this the Cosmopolitan Theatre?" Carla inquired, bestowing one of her best smiles on the doorkeeper.

"It is that," he answered less gruffly. "And what is it you want here?"

"There is to be a rehearsal here to-day—a rehearsal of 'Frou Frou,'" she responded, smiling again; "Mr. Sherrington has arranged and—"

"Oh, it's to-day them amachures begins, is it? I clane forgot it. Is it amachures ye are? Well, go on, then; and take care of the step at the turn there."

Mr. and Mrs. Evert Brookfield went on down a dark passage.

Carla clutched her husband's arm and gave a little laugh of delight, and said: "Isn't this fun? It's ever so much better than going to the sewing-class Mrs. Winston-Smith wanted me to join."

"It would be just as much fun if the architect had planned a decent entrance here," replied Evert. "But I suppose he had to save all the space he could."

They went through another swing-door, and found themselves on the stage. The light, which came from an immense skylight, was dim, and they did not know just where to go. Scenery was leaning against the brick wall on one side of them, and on the other was a frail flight of steps, painted to resemble marble, and thrust up against an immense mantel-piece apparently of richly carved oak.

As their eyes became more accustomed to the light, they were able to make out Mrs. Suydam and Mr. Twiss standing near a table on one side of the stage, just in front of the dead foot-lights.

"I'm really frightened now," said Carla to her husband. "But I like it! Maybe I'll make a big hit, and then they'll want me to go on the stage for good and all. How would you like me to be a great actress?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," he responded, promptly.

"How selfish you men are!" she laughed back at him, as Mrs. Jimmy came forward to greet them.

"You are exactly on time," said the organizer of the entertainment. "I wish all the rest were!"

"That's the worst thing about amateurs," Gurney Twiss admitted. "They are not as punctual as professionals. Now I'm always prompt on the minute, and I'm always letter-perfect at the first rehearsal. Why, I remember once—it was the last time we did the 'School for Scandal,' and I was *Charles*, of course, and Dick de Ruyter was *Joseph*, and—"

A short man with grayish hair and a determined jaw was coming toward them, and when Twiss saw the new-comer he interrupted his autobiographic narrative and cried, "Here's Mr. Sherrington."

Evert noted the contrast between the two men as they shook hands—the amateur actor slight and eager and restless, the stage-manager stocky and quiet and almost slow.

Mrs. Jimmy presented "Mr. Sherrington, who is kind enough to stage-manage our little play for us—Mrs. Brookfield, Mr. Brookfield.

Evert saw the sharp scrutiny Sherrington bestowed on Carla, as though to gauge her histrionic faculty at a glance.

Carla smiled graciously, as usual, and shook hands cordially. "I'm afraid of you already, Mr. Sherrington—Mr. Twiss tells me you are very strict. I hope you won't be too hard on me."

It seemed to Evert that he could almost see the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.

aggressiveness of Sherrington melting away before Carla's imploring gaze.

"I've got to keep everybody up to the mark," the stage-manager answered. "But I'm not as ferocious as all that."

A tall, slight woman of perhaps thirty, with ashen-gold hair, came on the stage and stood alone for a moment, looking about her as though she knew no one there. She was dressed in black, and her gown fitted her so well as to deserve record.

Mrs. Suydam caught sight of her. "That's Miss Archibald, isn't it?" she asked Sherrington.

The stage-manager turned and greeted the new-comer: "Good-morning, my dear. You're on time. Let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Suydam, who has charge of the performance; and this is Mrs. Brookfield, who is going to do *Frou Frou*."

The ladies bowed to each other, and the stage-manager continued his introductions with a certain manner of his own: "Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Twiss—Miss Archibald."

"I know Mr. Twiss already," said the actress, extending her hand to the amateur; and Evert perceived at once that her voice, which was neither rich nor resonant, had been carefully trained.

The other amateurs who were to play the rest of the parts in the play arrived, one after another; they were mostly members of Twiss's club, and they were acquainted with one another. They were all introduced to Mrs. Brookfield and to Miss Archibald and to Mr. Gordon Scott, who was a little late.

Evert was inclined to dislike the actor at first sight; and yet he recognized that Gordon Scott was presentable, not to say good-looking, with a dark eye, a full lip, a high color, and curly black hair. It seemed to Evert that the actor was playing the part of a gentleman, whereas Miss Archibald had struck him as quite ladylike.

He saw that Carla dropped into conversation with Scott, and that she was smiling on him as she could not help smiling at every man coming within her radius. He saw that Scott's rather dull eye had brightened, and that the actor was gazing at Carla with obvious admiration. He wished that he and his wife had nothing to do with this absurd performance, semi-amateur and semi-professional, or, at least, that the whole thing was over and ended and forgotten. Then he observed all the signs of Carla's excited enjoyment, and he revoked his wish, admitting the selfishness of it.

He heard Sherrington say to Mrs. Suydam, "We are all here now, I think?" And when Mrs. Suydam assented, after counting her flock, the stage-manager clapped his hands and called out, "First act!"

There was a movement of expectancy, and those who were not to appear in the earlier scenes went to the right or to the left. Then Sherrington had the stage attendants arrange a sofa or two and half a dozen chairs to suggest the furniture of the *Baron's* drawing-room. Evert had supposed that the scenery would be set for each act, and he found the bare stage distinctly disenchanting. He glanced around at the scenes piled against the unplastered walls and suspended far above their heads by abundant cordage, and he thought it would be about as picturesque to rehearse on the deck of an ocean steamer as in this barren void.

And the stage-manager was as autocratic as any ship-captain. He had studied out the whole play, and he knew all the parts, and he had decided just how he wanted every one of them played, and just what groups he wanted formed in each of the succeeding scenes. He told the performers where they were supposed to enter the drawing-room, and how they were to enter, and where they were to stand, and when they were to sit. He insisted on the intonations and the gestures he preferred; in short, he taught them all how he wanted them to act.

Frou Frou appears for a few minutes only in the opening scene, and when she had made her exit Carla came to her husband and sat down by him on a stray sofa near the proscenium arch.

STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter.

This statue is of heroic size, is cast in bronze, and is to be presented to the French nation by the Washington Statue Association. It will be placed in the Place d'Iéna, Paris. Mr. French modelled the figure, and Mr. Potter modelled the horse.

"I like that Mr. Sherrington," she began; "he was very nice to me, and encouraging, for all they say he runs things with a high hand. And I like Mr. Scott, too, don't you?"

"Mr. Scott is the actor who is to play *Sartorys*," Evert inquired, "the one with the curly hair and the big black eyes?"

"That's so; he has handsome eyes, since you draw my attention to them," his wife went on. "He is rather good-looking generally. I must say I like a man to be good-looking. It's something in his favor, anyway. And I don't wonder the matinée girls go wild over Mr. Scott. Gurney Twiss says he's been divorced twice and he's now paying alimony to two wives! That's horrid, isn't it? But maybe it was their fault, after all. There are some women I know I don't see how any man could live with more than a month."

"And you think Mr. Scott may have been unfortunate enough to have married two such women in succession?" Evert replied. "Perhaps so; but it is against the theory of chances."

"Well, that Miss Archibald has had two husbands, too, for all she looks so like a girl; I'm sure she laces, and that can't be good for the voice," declared Carla. "But she hasn't been divorced. Both of her husbands died. Gurney Twiss says that her life is a most romantic story. Now I don't think she looks romantic at all; she might be one of those girls with good figures who show off cloaks at the dressmakers', mightn't she? But Mr. Scott is romantic-looking, if you like."

"He does suggest a corsair or a bandit, or something of that sort," Evert returned.

"He's a great favorite with girls," Carla went on. "Gurney Twiss says his photographs sell better than anybody else's; they can't get enough of them. I don't believe Miss Archibald's do. Gurney Twiss says that she is a most accomplished actress, but very cold. She hasn't any spontaneity. That's why she's a hoodoo."

"A hoodoo?" asked Evert, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"She's unlucky," Carla answered; "that's what Gurney Twiss says. The pieces she is in never run. Managers are beginning to be afraid of engaging her. The critics praise her art, but she doesn't attract the public. Now I'd like the critics to praise my art, of course, but if I were an actress I shouldn't like to feel I kept people out of the theatre."

This was the second time that Carla had spoken of herself as an actress, and again the suggestion jarred on Evert. He looked at her, and the protest he had framed died on his lips. He had never seen her to such advantage, with the glow of excitement on her cheeks and its glitter in her eyes.

"If you look like that when you play *Frou Frou*," he said at last, "the critics will fall before you like nine-pins."

"I hope so," she laughed back at him. "And, by-the-way, Evert, I want you to be very particularly nice to any of those newspaper people you meet. They'll be coming here to get the latest news about the performance, you know, and they may come to the house, too—"

"To the house?" echoed her husband. "What for?"

"Oh, just to interview me, or something of that sort," she explained. "I should dearly love to be interviewed. And Gurney Twiss says everything depends on the way you treat them when they come. If you are not nice to them, they jump on you."

"I should like to see anybody jump on you, as you call it," said Evert.

"If you don't want them to, you've got to be very friendly with any of them that call," Carla replied. "Give them a cigar, and jolly them up."

"Jolly them up?" repeated her husband.

"Yes," she returned; "and if they go away happy, they will boom me. And I do so want to be boomed!"

Before Evert could frame any answer to this strange desire of his wife's, Sherrington cried, "*Frou Frou!*" And Carla jumped, and ran toward those who were rehearsing.

"You enter up right there, my dear," said the stage-manager—"I beg your pardon—Mrs. Brookfield!"

"It doesn't matter at all," laughed Carla, going up the stage to the point indicated.

"That's it," said Sherrington. "You wait for your cue, and then you make your entrance."

It pleased Evert to see how swiftly Carla followed the stage-manager's directions, and how quickly she grasped his suggestions. In general the amateurs were rather fussy, and they could not always see the reason for Sherrington's orders, and sometimes they wanted to stop and argue. The two professional performers did as they were bid at once, seeing instantly the significance of every suggestion. And they acted even at this first rehearsal; they read their lines with the intonation of the actual performance. The amateurs would not or could not do this; they were self-conscious; one of them said it would "be all right at night."

Sherrington retorted promptly: "It will be all right at night if it is all right at rehearsal. I don't want anything left to the 'inspiration of the moment.' That's a horse that kicks you off when you're on the narrow part of the bridge. If we get everything out of the act at rehearsal, I'm not afraid of the 'inspiration of the moment'; it can't do much harm then."

It struck Evert that the difference between the amateurs and the professionals was not unlike that between volunteers and regulars, and that the amateurs were perhaps more self-conscious than usual because of the presence of the other two. They liked this association; they were proud of it; but they were a little intimidated by it. Then Evert turned his attention to Miss Archibald and to Mr. Scott, and he wondered whether they were deriving any gratification from their association with representatives of the more exclusive circles of New York society. In the actor he fancied he could perhaps detect a hint of this snobbishness, but not in the actress. She was inscrutable, as women so often are; and she went through her part with perfect courtesy to all the others, treating Carla just as she treated the rest of them.

After the first two acts had been rehearsed very slowly and with manifold interruptions of all sorts, Sherrington declared himself very well satisfied with the beginning they had made, and asked them all to be there promptly the next morning at the same hour.

"I have my carriage," said Mrs. Jimmy to the Brookfields, as they went toward the door that led into the passageway; "let me take you home. It's on my way, you know. And you too, Mr. Twiss?"

They accepted, all three of them; and Gurney Twiss said to Mrs. Suydam: "Wasn't I right to have you engage Sherrington? He knows how to get work out of everybody. And he's very quick, too. I told him about my conception of the part of *Valréas*, and he said it was all right."

"I like him, too," said Carla. "And I'm not half as much afraid of him as I thought I should be!"

As the four passed through the swing-door, they left Sherrington and Scott and Miss Archibald standing together in the centre of the stage.

"I say," began the actor, "that Mrs. Brookfield is a corker, isn't she? One of the four hundred—well, if they're all like that, I'd like to get elected, that's all."

"She's a thoroughbred, that's what she is!" said the stage-manager. "And I'll make an actress out of her before I get through with her—see if I don't. She's got the artistic temperament."

"She may have the artistic temperament, as you say," was Miss Archibald's contribution to the conversation, "but she does not know the a-b-c of the business."

"That's so," Sherrington admitted. "She's green enough. But what of it? She's got it in her, hasn't she? Well, I guess I can bring it out before I get through with her. I've tackled tougher jobs than that, and I'm ready to back myself this time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

WHY do the rash remarks which are occasionally attributed to college presidents and professors, or bishops and other clergy, excite so prodigious an amount of comment? We had hardly regained our composure after trembling over the proposition of President Hadley to turn the cold shoulder to trust magnates who misconduct themselves, when ten days ago we were invited to shiver over the assertion of Professor Sumner of Yale that ninety per cent. of contemporary marriages result in a disappointment to the contracting parties. There are few newspapers in the country which have not commented on Professor Sumner's class-room deliverance. If the importance of the opinion could be estimated by the amount of discourse it has inspired, Professor Sumner would be warranted in feeling that the American people regarded him as one of the great fountains of existing wisdom, and were deeply agitated when he said anything out of common on any important subject. No doubt Professor Sumner is duly erudite, but the true reason why such remarks as this one lately laid to him make such a stir is that they are so very easy to talk about. Every one knows more or less about marriage, and can discuss it without much effort and without reading up. To discuss the Payne subsidy bill, the canal problem, the gold standard bill, the Puerto Rico tariff, or Buller's campaign requires some special knowledge and is some trouble. But to say that that Yale professor who says that marriage is not what it is cracked up to be does not know beans is easy. It has a glamour of truth and sense about it. It relieves the writer's mind, and it probably interests the reader in a reasonable degree.

The comment is never just to the professor. Experience has demonstrated that it is impossible to send by telegraph from any place an extract of interest from an address on any subject by a college professor and have it published correctly in the papers the first time. The first report is always garbled in some way so that it misrepresents the speaker, and it is with this first report that the commentators chiefly deal. By the time the revised and authorized version gets around, the subject is stale, and attention has gone on to a new theme.

THE precise words of Professor Sumner, on which was based the report that he had said that nine-tenths of existing marriages were unhappy, appears to have been that "not more than ten per cent. of married people, looking back at the end of their lives, can honestly say they have realized all the happiness and all the ideals with which they began married life."

This seems a reasonably moderate declaration, but its accuracy is open to challenge. Let us dispute it. It is well known that forty per cent. of the thoughtful persons who marry do so with decided misgivings, and because of lack of confidence in the ultimate rewards of the single life. Their idea is to better themselves, and especially to provide interests for their advancing years. Three-fifths of them do better themselves, one-fifth does about as well married as single, and one-fifth is more or less disappointed. Thus, dealing only with a fraction of all the married people—with those, namely, who are blessed in that they expect little—we find enough whose expectations are more than fulfilled to much more than upset Dr. Sumner's estimate. The mistake the professor has made, provided he has been truthfully reported, is in supposing that most persons who marry expect to be very much happier than they deserve. They don't. They expect to worry along according to their abilities, efforts, and deserts, and the result conforms pretty closely to that expectation.

THE future novelist or historian who studies the habits of the Americans in the year 1900 will do well to note that the Hamburg steamer *Columbia*, which sailed a fortnight ago for the Mediterranean, carried 250 saloon passengers, of whom about 12 were men. Of the rest 150 were spinsters, 75 were married women, and 15 were ladies' maids. Yet there are still persons who maintain that American women have not yet got all the rights and privileges that are their due.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY seems to have made a favorable response to the proposition that it shall receive during this coming summer, in its summer school, without charge for their tuition, as many Cuban school-teachers as can be brought to Cambridge. One of the vitally important things that the Americans have to do in Cuba is to arrange a system of primary education, and see to it that Cuban children have proper schools to go to and attend them. The American in charge of that work is Mr. A. E. Frye, a man as to whose disinterested zeal and professional qualifications there is some impressive testimony. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, Cuban correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, says of him that he is a young man, of independent means, who gives his salary to Cuban charities. He has had thorough experience in educational methods in California and New England. General Brooke put him in charge of the Cuban schools. He wrote the school law for Cuba, and General Brooke issued it as a general order and set him to the task of carrying out its provisions. We are told that at present he has 80,000 Cuban children at school in place of 4000 four months ago. He hopes by next June to have started 150,000 children on the way to an education. One of Mr. Frye's greatest difficulties is to find teachers who have any idea of American school methods, and it is for the cure of this want that the summer excursion of a thousand or more Cuban teachers to the United States has been projected. The proposition is to bring the teachers here on government transports, give them six weeks of summer schooling in Cambridge, and then take them to New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco, visiting universities and examining school systems on the way. The cost of the visit may be charged to the Cuban school fund. The project seems formidable because of the number of persons to be brought; but, after all it would cost less than to move a regiment of soldiers and maintain them for three months, and the results may fairly be expected to be incomparably more valuable. It is very desirable that the rising generation of Cubans should know something about the rest of the world, and especially about the United States, and if there is any better way of enlarging the ideas of the young Cubans than this, it does not readily suggest itself.

ON February 17 the New York *Times* rashly pointed out that the picture of "A Winter's Night on Broadway," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of that date, represented a scene that had not been witnessed this year. The almanac, said the *Times*, had not backed up the WEEKLY's artist, for he had shown snow where there was neither snow, nor recent memory of snow, nor prospect of it, thereby disclosing that neither he nor his publishers had prophetic souls.

Before night the snow came, and realized all the artist's representations. It is a pleasure to record that on Monday morning the *Times* manfully ate all its gibes of Saturday, and admitted that the WEEKLY's weather-prophets had been accurate to a day, and that Broadway on the night of February 17 was in almost every detail the Broadway shown in the WEEKLY's picture of that date. It is evident that the *Times* has not appreciated the accuracy of prevision which long experience enables the fabricators of illustrated weekly papers to use in their business.

Meanwhile the *Times* itself has done a small fault. In speaking of a gallant English war-correspondent who lately died in Ladysmith, it alludes to him as "poor George W. Steevens." Our neighbor should not speak of the honored dead as "poor" merely because they are dead. Keep commiserative adjectives for the living who survive and mourn. Pity the bereaved, but not the dead, especially not the dead who died, as Steevens or as Lawton died, doing the work they went to do.

ANECDOTES illustrative of Boer character and habits are so numerous and so diverse as to force the conclusion that Boers are much like other folks in differing one from another and having individual peculiarities. Mrs. Lewis, a sister of Mr. Schreiner, the Cape Premier, writes to a Methodist paper in England to say that the worst crime charged to Boer account is the maltreatment of African negroes, which has been going on for two hundred years, and "shames the record of what savages in this land have inflicted, even in war-time, upon white races." British soldiers, she says, are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to a condition of atrocious wrong. But though the grievances of Outlanders and British subjects have been real, it is the Boer brutality to negroes that best justifies the war.

So there are stories of treachery when Boers raise the white flag and shoot soldiers approaching to receive their surrender, and stories of a Boer practice of killing wounded troops who happen to be African colonials. On the other hand, there is plenty of testimony as to Boer kindness to British wounded, and of Boer philosophy and good-nature, and some stories of Boer sympathy with British gallantry, as at Spion Kop, where a little squad of British troops which charged up to the very muzzles of Boer guns were surrounded and dragged inside the works by admiring defenders, who disarmed them and sent them back into their own lines. Evidently there are Boers and Boers, and a certain proportion of them seem to be "white men," according to the Western-American understanding of those words.

SOME very interesting differences are now in course of development. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson is at odds with Captain Mahan over a question of human rights. There was a pro-Boer meeting in Boston, at which Colonel Higginson spoke, whereat opinions were promulgated from which Captain Mahan felt constrained to dissent. He dissented in a letter to the *Independent*, to which Colonel Higginson replied in an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston. Captain Mahan, applying a general principle which he stated, expressed the opinion that the Boers did not have a right to hold the Transvaal, and govern—or misgovern—it as they choose. Colonel Higginson said that Captain Mahan had "the naval board of prize-money theory" about human rights, and that "a rawhide in the hands of a Boer farmer might teach him a lesson in the right of self-government." Captain Mahan, not being present, did not have a chance to retort that the rawhide in the hands of the Boer farmer had already been wonderfully effective in getting fallacies about the right of self-government out of the minds of the South-African negroes. Colonel Higginson, finding later that he had been considered to have retorted harshly to Captain Mahan, explained that in his allusion to the rawhide he was merely quoting an antislavery remark of Frederick Douglass.

The discussion of the question, What peoples have a right to own their own country and boss their own affairs? is considerably older than history, and has always been carried on with vigor and often with acrimony. There is no danger that Colonel Higginson and Captain Mahan will settle it, even though they give their minds absolute relief. The world has got no farther yet towards a conclusion about it than to acknowledge that no people may wisely undertake to assimilate, regulate, or dissipate any unwilling people which it cannot thrash.

OTHER prevailing disputes and disparities of view include the discussion of the action of Harvard University in declining to admit graduates of sundry Roman Catholic colleges to the Harvard Law School without examination. The ground of refusal is, of course, not religious, but is based on the opinion that the courses of instruction in the Roman Catholic colleges in question are not up to the Harvard standard. The colleges whose degrees are thus rejected take it hard, and have much to say.

THE phase of aspiration which induces folks to send missionaries into distant countries, to teach heathen and others a better religion than they have, is called the missionary spirit, and we all know how strong and persistent it is. If there is another which is fit to match it, it is the sentiment which makes people yearn to keep rum out of their fellow-creatures. It would seem as if these two aspirations, combined, would make a force of prodigious effectiveness. There is at least one field where such a combination would find an opportunity for immense and possibly fruitful exertion. It appears that the Chileans are going to what profane writers call the demnition bow-wows from excessive drinking. The story of their degeneracy is instructive. The Chilean aborigines who held the country when the Spanish came were a pretty strenuous race. Their climate had tonic properties, and they were as poor as the early New-Englanders, and hardy. They continued to be hardy under Spanish rule and in spite of admixtures of Spanish blood. They were poor and active and were doing pretty well until they had the war with Peru, and whipped her and captured the Peruvian nitrate-beds. That made the Chileans suddenly rich. As a consequence, it seems, of this sudden influx of wealth, they have taken, as a people, to self-indulgence and to drink to a degree that promises to result in national disaster. A recent visitor to Chile says that there are about 100,000 Germans in the southern part of the country who are able to maintain a fair degree of sobriety, but that drunkenness is so prevalent among the rest of the population as to imperil the future prosperity of the country.

Could not the Woman's Christian Temperance Union take the Chileans in hand? There is a work to be done for them, and the mere fact that they probably don't want to have it done is no reason for not doing it.

AT a recent meeting of the trustees of Columbia University it was decided to establish the George William Curtis fellowship in political science. The endowment for this fellowship was provided from the fund raised as a memorial of Mr. Curtis, and was turned over to the trustees of Columbia last spring. The gentlemen who had charge of the moneys subscribed have not yet made their final report, but it is known that about $15,000 in all was raised, of which it was determined to use part for the fellowship, and to devote the rest to getting a bust of Mr. Curtis, which should be set up in some suitable public place in New York. The bust has been made. The most suitable place for it to stand has seemed the new public library at Forty-second Street, but until the new library building is ready, temporary provision will be made for it elsewhere. In due time it will be unveiled with suitable ceremonies.

MISS SARAH PORTER, who died at Farmington, Connecticut, on February 18, was one of the great school-teachers of her generation. The famous school for girls which she established at Farmington is still highly successful, and is a monument to her abilities and devotion. She was the daughter of Dr. Noah Porter, of Farmington, and the sister of President Porter of Yale College, both men of note, but hardly of a wider or more distinguished reputation than herself. The school which she started half a century ago grew from very small beginnings, and owed its great success to the strength of her character, the vigor of her mind, and the marked and beneficial influence which she had upon her pupils. It was noted particularly as a school of character, where the conscience and the will, as well as the mind, were developed.

Miss Porter lived to be eighty-six years old, teaching Latin and Greek until after her eightieth year.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE real spokesman of England—indeed, of the British Empire—during the last four critical months has unquestionably been Lord Rosebery. While Mr. Balfour seemed exasperatingly unconscious that any fault could be found with the government's conduct of the war, and the Premier wandered languidly down the by-paths of constitutional problems, and the Opposition made flagrant party capital out of a national crisis, and none of the ministerialists appeared able or willing to give the country the lead it wanted, or rather to follow up the lead it had given them, Lord Rosebery—a man of no party, holding no office, and without even a titular position—seized instinctively on the secret wishes of the nation, and in a series of unsurpassable speeches gave to them a thrilling and passionate utterance. With the high spirit of a second Chatham he showed a cheerful and undaunted front under the reverses, which he made no effort to minimize. Nothing in all he said was petty, crude, or querulous; not a sentence but lifted itself sheer from the mists of party strife and flashed over the empire a ray of counsel, comfort, or exhortation. As at the Fashoda crisis, so now once more Lord Rosebery stepped at a bound into his natural position of Public Orator, interpreting and animating the true national will, and stamping upon England the conviction that here at least was a man with the courage to confess and to warn, as well as the foresight and endurance to remedy. It was the sanity of Lord Rosebery's patriotism that gave the last statesmanlike touch to his brilliant speeches. Without stopping to find fault, or extenuate, or weigh the nicely calculated less or more of party culpability, he drew from the mismanagement of the war a moral for all Englishmen, of whatever section, to lay to heart. "You are," he said, in effect, "a people of enormous and incredible waste. You spend money like water, with little or no return for it. Of all your institutions, outside your fleet and your civil service, you have barely one that a new state would take for its model. Your wealth, your prosperity, your power, have caged you in a fool's paradise of security and indifference. Now you must awaken. Megalomania has been your curse; it must be exorcised. Look abroad and see what other nations are doing, what America is doing in commerce and France in education. Try to learn from other peoples' experience, and not merely from your own mistakes. Study Germany; be scientific; bring method and management into your conduct of affairs, into your schools and army, your Foreign Office and your diplomacy. Prosecute this war to the end, now that you have begun it; and then, when it is satisfactorily over, put your empire on a business footing."

LORD ROSEBERY is the most elusive of European statesmen. Disraeli puzzled his countrymen sorely, but Disraeli was a mystery man by instinct and policy. Lord Rosebery baffles in spite of himself. After twenty years of public life, England is still at a loss to know what he is or what are his opinions. Yet the fault, apparently, is not Lord Rosebery's. Nothing seems farther from his engaging openness than any turn for dissimulation. Few men could have borne themselves more candidly or more publicly than he. He has done so much and been so much in politics, literature, sport, and society, touched life at so many corners and gathered ears of corn from so many harvests, that one would hardly suspect any difficulty in "placing" him. He has held the two greatest of English offices—he has been both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary; he has also been chairman of the London County Council; there is hardly a subject, from street advertisements to imperial policies, on which he has not spoken. Windsor knows him no better than Whitechapel, and Whitechapel no better than Windsor—in both he is equally at home, equally popular, and equally incognizable. His interests stretch far beyond the humdrum game of politics; he does almost everything that Englishmen like their leaders to do; his colors are seen everywhere on the turf, his cattle invade all the agricultural shows in the land; he hunts and shoots and farms and breeds and writes books; and yet, with all these data, England is as far from making up her mind about him as when he first came into public notice as Mr. Gladstone's host during the opening Midlothian campaign.

TO some his gifts and achievements have only the air one detects in Bulwer Lytton's novels—the air of a superb and glittering *charlatanerie*. Others who believe in him are fond of picturing him as the type of that ideal which has always impressed most deeply the popular imagination—the sight of a man in the first vigor of body and mind, a favorite in society and a power in the state, holding dominion over the pursuits of age and the pleasures of youth, ruling the light things of women and the grave things of men, a moral Alcibiades, a Bolingbroke without his vices. Between these two estimates floats the popular view, frankly mystified by many things, and especially by the failure of his Premiership, yet believing that his abilities are real and his performances solid, and that there is still a great part for him to play in public life. All agree on this, at least—that no such dazzling and brilliant figure has appeared in England since the days of George III. It seemed for a while as though Lord Rosebery could fail in nothing. He was apparently supreme in everything he cared to do or to attempt. He made his début as a speaker at public and literary gatherings, and London soon realized that she had discovered, what she is always looking for and rarely finds outside the American embassy, a really first-class after-dinner orator. No English statesman is quite so refreshing to listen to as Lord Rosebery. He rarely has a commonplace thought; he never has a commonplace way of putting it. The charm of his style is its unexpectedness. It is an intellectual luxury to follow the sly, incisive turns, the nimbleness and precision, of his diction. A great orator, like Webster or John Bright, I suppose he never will be. Men of his critical temperament and amiable many-sidedness rarely do become really great orators. Every other note in the compass may be theirs, but the dominant and fusing note of passion is denied to them or comes but rarely.

FROM public speaking Lord Rosebery passed on to its inevitable sequence in these days—politics. He held a couple of minor offices, and then Mr. Gladstone made him Foreign Secretary. It was in this position that he achieved the one solid political success that can be placed to his credit so far. He forced the Liberals to toe the Conservative mark. He established once for all the continuity of English foreign policy. He wiped out the suspicion of indifference to English interests abroad that had always clung to Gladstonianism. The Queen declared him to be a heaven-born Foreign Minister. Bismarck was open in his admiration for a man with a will equal to his own. Success still attended him when the short-lived government of 1886 came to an end. He became chairman of the first London County Council, and made himself the idol of the working-men. He won the Derby, and wrote a remarkably acute study of the younger Pitt. He became Foreign Minister a second time in 1892, with the approval of all parties—indeed, at the demand of all England—and finally he stepped into Mr. Gladstone's shoes as Prime Minister and leader of the Liberal party. The difficulties of his new position were obvious enough—to succeed Gladstone and bear comparison with him, to prosecute a policy he had not formed with a cabinet he did not choose, and to rule a host of warring cliques bound together by no single cause. Nobody knew his views on any of the cardinal points of the Liberal programme, and when he showed his hand he was bound to disappoint somebody. There were intrigues and jealousies that he was too proud to notice. His training and temperament had made him a statesman, but not a politician. He neglected, probably despised, the small arts of managing men. His intellectual honesty recoiled from the extremes that a party demands. But the grand cause of his failure as Premier lay in the unexpected discovery that he did not know how to lead. His party repudiated his *ipse dixit*, and he did not force it on them. He turned instead to the people and asked for guidance from the "incorrigible mob." The mob, which would far sooner have been watching a football match, and had, at any rate, not the slightest desire to lead—such is England—stood paralyzed before Lord Rosebery's appeal. It did nothing. What else was there for it to do? To add to the hopelessness of it all, Lord Rosebery's health broke down. Baffled and humiliated, he forced a dissolution, was roundly beaten, and took the first chance of throwing up the leadership. He had reached the top only to fall.

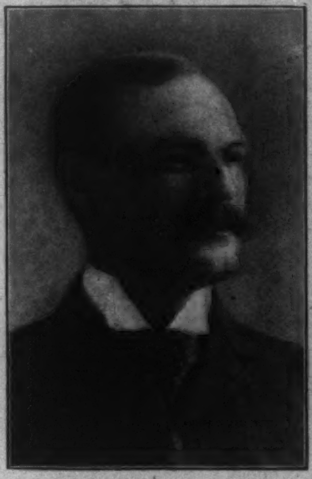
THE new German navy bill is a simple measure of three paragraphs. It raises the number of line-of-battle ships from 19 to 38, of large cruisers from 12 to 20, and of small cruisers from 30 to 45. Practically it doubles the strength of the navy. The expenditure for this enormous undertaking will be slightly under \$500,000,000, spread over a period of sixteen years. In spite of the fact that the Naval Act of 1898 was agreed to on the understanding that it was to be final and that no further increase would be asked for, it is probable that the new bill will pass through the Reichstag without serious amendment. The Federal Council was won over without difficulty to its proposals, and the Reichstag Centre, which holds the balance of parties, is likely to cast the bulk of its vote for the government. And so the Kaiser will be able to add one more to his remarkable list of personal success. He has worked for a big navy like a Trojan, and a very clever Trojan, too, and well deserves the fruit of his toil. It is interesting to consider, in the light of this new navy bill, what is the main scheme of German foreign policy, what the Kaiser looks forward to as the ultimate aim of his various ventures. Much that he hopes for will, no doubt, never come to pass; but a conjectural summary of his ambitions may be useful and clarifying.

THE Kaiser is bent, first of all, on making Germany a great world power with an extensive empire both in and out of Europe, and a great sea power with a large mercantile marine and a navy strong enough to hold the balance of Europe. Secondly, he intends Germany to become the first industrial community on earth, manufacturing everything for everybody, as England did forty years ago. These, I take it, are the two headings under which his policies fall. To carry either of them out in detail Germany's position in Europe must be made secure. This the Kaiser hopes to accomplish either by breaking up the Dual Alliance or by neutralizing it by a secret understanding with Russia. Towards France he has no enmity, and has, indeed, given proof in plenty of his desire to live in friendship with his inflammable neighbor—but only on the basis that Alsace-Lorraine remains as it is now. An understanding with Russia is the great thing to be aimed at, and such an understanding is almost a necessity in view of the inevitable dissolution of the Dual Monarchy, from the ruins of which the Kaiser hopes to snatch German Austria for his share, while leaving the Slavs to the care of the Czar. Until the realm of the Hapsburgs breaks up—until, that is, Francis Joseph dies—Germany is content to maintain the Triple Alliance and make up for the weakness and impoverishment of his two partners by calling in the support of Turkey. When the collapse comes, and Germany, Russia, and Italy have divided the Dual Monarchy between them, crushing Hungary or leaving her to form a buffer state, the Kaiser will be free to turn his attention to Holland, with a view, at the very least, to an inheritance of the Dutch colonies, and not without a hope that both Denmark and the Netherlands may some day be added to the empire of the Hohenzollerns.

THUS secure in Europe, Germany will be in a position to prosecute her imperial plans abroad, and here her ambitions have already been made clear to demonstration. She aims at founding one German empire in China and another in Asia Minor without offending Russia, at creating a "sphere of influence," which may easily turn into something else later on, in South America, without arousing the suspicions of the United States; at absorbing all of Africa she can lay hands on; at purchasing coaling-stations in the Pacific, and generally at being the first and highest bidder when any territory anywhere comes into the market. To fulfil all these ambitions and yet maintain peace seems to be the object of imperial Germany. But while the Kaiser is quite sincere in saying that peace is the greatest of German interests—an aggressive peace, that is; a peace in which German interests are very vigorously looked after—he probably would not be greatly displeased to see England at odds with France, France with Russia, or Russia with England. So would the "honest broker" pocket his fair commission. It is certainly an inspiring and grandiose scheme, or combination of schemes. Whether it will work well is another question. Already the diplomatists of other countries are beginning to complain that it is wellnigh impossible to do business with Germany. She has too many irons in the fire.

IT is an omen of Germany's possible success in at least one of her enterprises that the racial feud in Austria grows bitterer with each day. Ostensibly the struggle between the Germans and Czechs is over Count Badini's language ordinances. These ordinances set Czechish and German on a par as the official languages of Bohemia. The Germans resisted the decree, not merely because Czechish is an insignificant Slav dialect, not merely because there are large districts in Bohemia where hardly a Czech is to be found, but because they saw in the equality of the two tongues the thin end of the wedge of Slav inundation. They looked upon it as the forerunner of their absorption by a despised and inferior race. It is as though the Irish people still spoke Erse, and one of the English parties, to win over the votes of the Irish Nationalists at Westminster, had agreed to place English and Erse on an equal footing in the schools and law courts and government offices of Ireland. The parallel between Bohemia and Ireland would then be complete. In both countries there is a large native population clamorous for home rule, and a smaller foreign element resisting the demand. In both there is an absolute divergence of racial instincts and sympathies. The German is the John Bull of Bohemia; the Czech takes the part of the untranslatable Celt. The Germans in the Vienna Reichsrath feel themselves as much committed to the preservation of the German colony in Bohemia as the English at Westminster to the protection of Ulster. The language question is therefore only part of a far larger issue.

IT affects Germany in this way: that every concession to the Czechs drives the Germans of Bohemia, and indeed all German-speaking Austrians, nearer to their kinsmen over the northern border. Already there exists an active party in the Reichsrath advocating consolidation with the German Empire. If the Germans find that their leadership in Austria is seriously threatened, it is quite conceivable that they should prefer to exchange the Hapsburgs for the Hohenzollerns rather than remain to see their old authority dwindle to nothing. At least it is worth noting that the chief obstacle to the secession is being got over by wholesale conversions to Protestantism among the Germans throughout Austria. Matters seem drifting rapidly to a crisis. The new ministry has failed as signally as any of its predecessors to bring about any real understanding in Bohemia, and if the Reichsrath fails too, parliamentary government will have to be abandoned and Francis Joseph reappear in his old rôle of absolute ruler.



James W. Osborne

WHATEVER opinion there may exist concerning the verdict rendered in the case of the State of New York against Roland B. Molineux, it must be conceded that the result is in the nature of a personal triumph for the distinguished lawyer who prosecuted on behalf of the State. Whatever the merits of the case in the public eye, it was his mastery of details, his convincing earnestness, and his comprehensive review and explanation of its every phase which convinced the jury "beyond a reasonable doubt" that the defendant was guilty.

It is a fact that during the entire trial the Assistant District Attorney neither in his argument nor in the examination of witnesses had once occasion to refer to notes of any kind. His not infrequent correction of court and counsel and his continuous refreshment of the memories of jurors attest the great labor and painstaking study he has given to it.

James W. Osborne was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, January 5, 1859, and is now forty-one years of age. He was graduated from Davidson College in 1879, came to New York in 1883, and entered the Columbia Law School, where he was graduated in 1885. He entered the District Attorney's office as a Deputy Assistant District Attorney in 1891, during the administration of Delancey Nicoll; was appointed again by Colonel Fellows, and by him promoted to be a full Assistant; was continued in office by the Hon. W. M. K. Olcott, and was reappointed by Colonel Gardiner, the present incumbent.

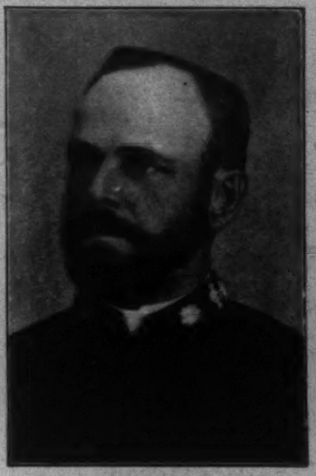
Few men in the office have had so varied a career. He has been connected in one capacity or another with most of the important trials which have taken place in this county in the last few years, and in many of them has been the leading spirit. It is said that he has not lost a case in four years—that is to say, not one case where the guilt of the defendant was claimed by him. Lack of space forbids more than a passing mention of some of the well-known cases in which he has figured prominently. He convicted Koerner of murder in the second degree, and Scott, Tueskeevitz, and Dr. Buchanan of murder in the first degree. Perrin H. Sumner, the well-known identifier, and Stephen H. Dutlen, the swindler, he convicted of larceny.

A very important case which he prosecuted to a successful termination was that of Alfred Balensie. This man is said to have stolen 300,000 francs from a young Parisian. He became a fugitive from French justice, and under the name of Bellwood swindled Marcus & Co. out of $20,000 worth of jewelry.

The conviction of one Fletcher for receiving the stolen Stradivarius, the property of Professor Bott, who is said to have died of a broken heart because of the loss of his violin, recalls another interesting case.

Perhaps one of the best known of the later cases he has successfully prosecuted was that in which he convicted one Hallen, a lawyer, who has long been a successful swindler, and who, in defending his own case, created a considerable sensation by his eloquence and his bitter uncalled-for attacks on the prosecuting officer. The case was perhaps the more interesting because, though Hallen had been indicted twelve times before, no conviction had been obtained. It remained for the Molineux trial to give Mr. Osborne the opportunity for a display of those powers which have placed him in the front rank of criminal lawyers in this country.

In the preparation of his case it may be said that Mr. Osborne has ever held it as a maxim never to allow another do that which it was possible for him to do himself. Many lawyers content themselves with planning, underrating the value of thorough and detailed knowledge of their case and a scrupulous attention to small matters—they leave the execution of their schemes to subordinates. Mr. Osborne makes it a point never to neglect the details of his case. He leaves but little to his assistants, and to this is in large measure due his success. He has every point at his finger-tips, thoroughly mastered, ready for every onslaught of his opponent. His speeches during the Molineux trial contain many fine specimens of reasoning, invective, and deliberate enthusiasm. Though not an orator, he is an impressive and earnest speaker. His manner is not rhetorical; it is vigorous, natural, and earnest. He has no variety of gesture, and what he uses seems perfectly unstudied. WILLIAM W. GRIFFIN.



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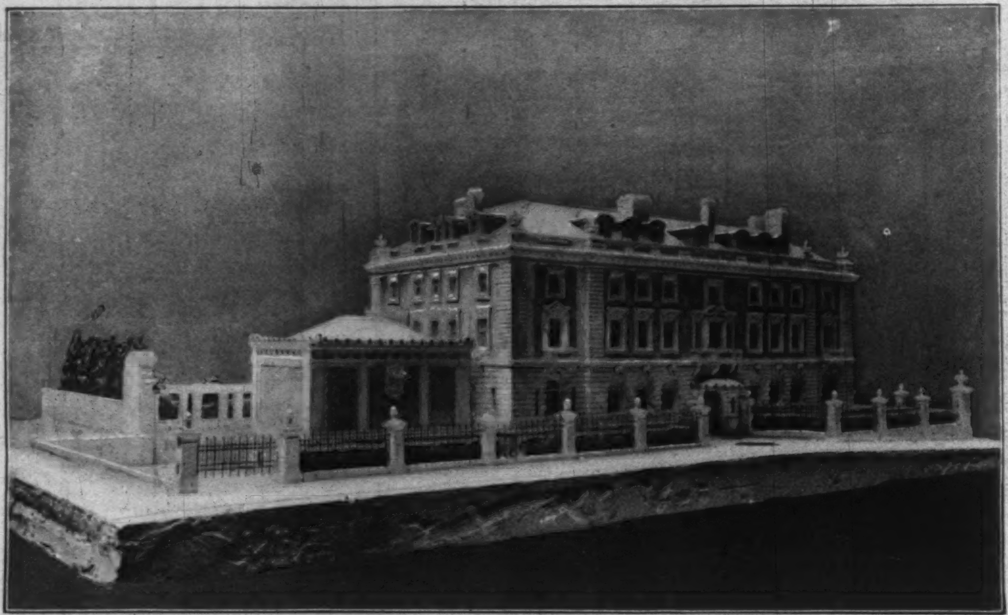

PLASTER MODEL OF RESIDENCE TO BE ERECTED ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.
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MODEL, BY PHILIP MARTINY, OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

THE NEW YORK ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

THE galleries of the Fine Arts Federation look more than usually handsome this year with the display of the fifteenth annual exhibition of the Architectural League. The arrangement is distinctly effective and satisfactory.

Within the limits of a brief notice any attempt at a detailed description of even the most interesting exhibits in the several sections of architecture, sculpture, painting, and the industrial arts is inadvisable. But certain reflections occur to one.

This society, representing all the arts associated in the fullest expression of structural possibility—for the best architecture in all periods has been re-enforced by sculpture and painting, and the internal fittings equally have enlisted the artist's attention—is a product of American intelligence. It is founded on no European type; it was the first of its kind—an American idea. Therefore, in examining the exhibits, one might reasonably expect to find a vivid reflex of Americanism. The conditions over here are so different from elsewhere—the mode of life, the point of view, and the traditions and history upon which we are socially established—that art, as an expression of life, should surely reflect them. But does it, as illustrated in this exhibition? In the architectural section, yes, though not so distinctly as in some previous exhibitions; in the sculpture, perhaps more than usually, for there are many of the original sketches for figures on the Dewey arch; but in the painters' gallery, not at all. Let the last, for a moment, serve as test, since the subject is worth consideration.

Examine the exhibits, one after the other, to discover the motive embodied in the design. You must omit a certain number, for they are more or less ecclesiastical in intention; but among the others, where is to be found a single suggestion of anything which might not just as appropriately, or inappropriately, be designed for some other country? The painters seek their inspiration in Joan of Arc, in classic myths, in obscure mediæval legends, scenes of chivalry—in any source rather than that which appeals to the hearts and intelligence of their own countrymen. Can they be surprised that the latter show only a languid interest in their endeavors? A few weeks ago these columns contained a notice of the new decorations in the Appellate Court of New York, eulogizing their beauty. That was taking them for what they were; but could they not have been more? Except for the kneeling woman garbed in modern dress, and the figure in judge's gown in Edwin H. Blashfield's panel, and the sailor in George W. Maynard's frieze, there is not a single item in that elaborate scheme of decoration, furnished by ten painters, which brings one's sympathies up to the present day, much less focusses them on American ideals. Everything is diluted classicalism, vague symbolism, as applicable to the principles of Roman jurisprudence as to ours. Yet these same painters would probably acknowledge that Puvis de Chavannes's masterpiece is his treatment of the legend of Sainte-Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and that the finest secular decoration in Italy is in the Doge's Palace at Venice, where Paul Veronese and others played upon the theme of Venice and incidents in her career. Until our painters in the decoration of public buildings can find inspiration in the history of America and in the ideals of its people, their work will be merely an exotic transplanted from some other country; it will not strike its roots into the heart of this one.

This problem has been much more forcibly brought home to the architects because of the practical conditions which they have to subserve, especially in the case of the office building, an exclusively American demand, and in the city and country homes. Yet they are by no means unanimous in grasping their opportunity. Some try to solve the sky-scraper problem by the rule of Vignola, the classic on classical forms; others by the receipt of modern French style, acquired during their student days in Paris. Only a few seem to try to approach the new problem with a fresh eye, evolving from the steel construction itself some appropriate covering, which will grow on to and out of it and belong to it, instead of being merely an expanse of ornament arbitrarily applied. In the present exhibition there are unusually few examples of the office building, and none of prominent importance, unless one includes the designs for the New York Custom House, a building, which, it may be urged, is scarcely within this category. However, waiving this point and comparing these designs, one does not feel convinced that the accepted scheme is the handsomest. Its interior arrangement may be better adapted for the utilitarian purposes, a most important matter which only careful expert judgment can decide, but its façades are scarcely so imposing as in one or two of the other designs.

It is in the designing of homes, particularly country ones, that our architects are showing the keenest appreciation of American conditions, and conforming to them most happily. There are many examples in this exhibition of country houses, large and small, possessing an individual character and the homelike feeling. They represent the best kind of eclecticism; of ingredients borrowed from many sources, but by skilful adaptation to our climatic conditions and mode of life fused and welded into what thus becomes a distinctive result—an unmistakably American home.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THOMAS J. SHENBROOK'S "SIR WALDORF."

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NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

THE satirist is not necessarily a seer, and it is a little curious now to read in the collection of verses entitled *In Cap and Bells*, by Owen Seaman (John Lane publisher), the song of complacent and kindly stricture called "A Song of Inaction." This relates to what was then widely thought to be the unwarrantable deliberation of our movement upon the Spanish in Cuba. The fact glares in history that we accomplished our purpose in Cuba with much direction and before the Fourth of July. Mr. Seaman sees our troops running after cocktails and playing poker while the business in Cuba waits. He sees them "nipping by night and napping by day." He puts kid gloves on their hands, and represents them as content to face the amiable dangers of the girls at Tampa. "Prog 'em up, jog 'em up, put 'em on the war-path," he says. He did not mean to be caustic. Satirists are apt to be patronizing. He sat in London, and felt a natural desire to hurry up the expedition. We do not know, but we think it quite probable that this merry poet is at present engaged in hurrying the British army on to Pretoria. These verses have a tendency to run from substance into form. They make clever excursions, but they are not always easy reading. They are gathered from their original receptacles—from *Punch* and other English publications. We may say to the poet, in something like his own words addressed to Admiral Sampson and General Miles, Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, let 'em go edgewise! Satire can hardly be too poignant. We the public, so far as this sort of thing goes, are veritable sword-swallowers.

We must ask to be included among those who continue to be interested in the observations of Mr. W. M. Thackeray. Not very long ago one of the English critics—we think Mr. Henley—smote Thackeray with sword and assegai. Notwithstanding this important occurrence, the author of *Pendennis* still appears to be alive, and we are sure that it will gladden many to see the book of his hitherto unidentified contributions to *Punch* which Mr. M. H. Spielmann has collected, and which are now published by Harper & Brothers. Mr. Spielmann is one of the best of gleaners who have ever happily been inspired to go over an old field. His *History of Punch* is a book to wonder at and to be exceedingly thankful for. This book, dealing with Thackeray's contributions, attaches to itself the same keen interest. From what we have seen, we are satisfied to believe that Mr. Spielmann is quite infallible, not only in detecting Thackeray, but in ascribing to this numerous collection in each case the correct motive and occasion. His illumination is all that could be desired—and a great deal more than could have been expected—and his connecting narrative is admirable. Among the many illustrations here, that is a great one which offers to reproduce a portrait of Prince Albert. The Queen loved art, and England was favored with many portraits of the handsome Prince at that time. Here his "Rile Eyeness" is represented in his Field-Marshal uniform, his eyes "a-rollin' about like hanythink." His plumed hat is a masterly production, and so is his horse, which is held by a "buzza" at a respectful distance; but the important feature of the picture, as it seems to us, is the fortification in the immediate background, with the crowned lady standing upon it and signifying an affectionate approval. Why *Punch* was not sent to the Tower and locked up after such a picture we do not know. The crowned lady is drawn in the merest outline, but she is somehow rendered most effective. Thackeray did not suggest many of the subjects for the cartoons in *Punch*. In the period here covered, while Mark Lemon proposed thirty-five and Douglas Jerrold sixteen, he proposed only four. Two of the Thackeray suggestions relate to the question of the Oregon boundary-line. John Leech drew both of these cartoons. One is called "Who's Afraid?" In this cartoon, Mr. Spielmann says, "Sir Robert Peel and a typical American (according to Leech's notion) are on the ground preparing for a duel. Sir Robert Peel has his pistol in hand and looks mischief. He is seconded by the leader of the Opposition, little Lord John Russell—an allusion to the solidarity of British opinion. In the background President Polk—or the agitated American figure who does duty for him—looks in alarm at his amiable second, King Louis Philippe, who offers him a pistol, with the words, '*Courage, mon Président; visez au cœur.*' Without either removing his pistol-hand from his pocket or relieving his right of his cigar, the champion anxiously inquires, 'Do you think he's in arnest?' It may be observed that by some strange oversight the drawing in this block has not been reversed, so that every actor in it appears to be left-handed." In the other we see "Young Yankee Noodle Teaching Grandmother Britannia to Suck Eggs," and here is excellent facial expression, "Yankee Noodle" looking grown up and shrewd, and his grandmother smiling at his mature appearance and his generous offer—a much pleasanter cartoon than the left-handed one with the pistols and the cigar. Why "Noodle" we do not know, but we suppose that "Doodle" was too common. However, neither of the words is strictly complimentary, and we are not called upon to be flattered, though we

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WILLIAM HOLLBROOK BEARD.
Born April, 1825. Died February 20, 1900.

Mr. Beard had been for many years one of the best known of American painters.

may reasonably console ourselves with the reflection that hard words break no bones. Besides, as we remember, the British got rather the best of us in the matter of the Oregon boundary dispute, and surely the victor is entitled to privileges. Our war with Mexico afforded amusement to Thackeray. Nobody has a better right to laugh at a war than those who are not engaged in it, and the reports which reached England, announcing victories for both sides in the same battle, and describing numerous heroic wounds suffered by the Mexican President, General Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, gave Thackeray a chance. "General Growdy's division," he reported in *Punch*, "came up with the main body of the Mexican force under General Cabanas at Rionogo, where the New Orleans *Picayune* informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory, and were repulsed with severe slaughter. Santa Anna was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th, which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear." And so on, with a fun which is effective if not subtle. The book makes a new volume in the works of Thackeray, and owing to its variety and to its obvious bearing upon events it is not without a reasonable place and a definite interest among them.

Mr. Oliver Herford's *Alphabet of Celebrities* (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston) is an amusing book, handsome to look at, with an almost wasteful wealth of fine paper, margins of charming design framed in red, and with red initial and capital letters. The illustrations are bold and amusing, and so are the verses which accompany them. Here is the Prince of Wales sitting at tea with King Arthur, Alcibiades, and Aphrodite. Nothing could be more venturesome or more likely than the various characterization. Alcibiades is smirking and complacent, King Arthur severe, the Prince interested, Aphrodite what anybody might expect. Bernhardt is made to appear before Bacon, Bismarck, and Barabbas, and she whirls in splendor like Loie Fuller in her serpentine entertainment. It seems probable that Barabbas will presently steal her diamonds; but Bismarck and Bacon regard her with a cold, ungrasping philosophy. Columbus shows his egg trick to Confucius, Carlyle, Cleopatra, and Mr. Hall Caine; and we are grieved to say that Mr. Caine is spelled without an "e," and that he is provided with a club and a horrible expression. Through all the alphabet we are conducted in this free and interesting way. There is no reverence in the book, but we suspect that people will like it notwithstanding.

MR. DOOLEY*

XX.—ON THE WAR EXPERT

MR. DOOLEY was reading the war news—not our war news, but the war news we are interested in—when Mr. Hennessy interrupted him to ask, "What's a war expert?"

"A war expert," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man ye niver heerd iv befure. If ye can think iv anny wan whose face is unfamilyar to ye, an' ye don't raymimber his name, an' he's got a job on a pa-aper ye didn't know was published, he's a war expert. 'Tis a har-rd office to fill. Whin a war begins th' timptation is sthrong f'r ivry man to grab hold iv a gun an' go to th' fr-ront. But th' war expert has to subjoo his cravin' f'r blood. He says to himsilf, 'Lave others seek th' luxuries iv life in camp,' he says. 'F'r thim th' boat-races acrost th' Tugela, th' romp over th' kopje, an' th' game iv' laager, laager, who's got th' laager?' he says. 'I will stand be me counthry,' he says, 'close,' he says. 'If it falls,' he says, 'it will fall on me,' he says. An' he buys himsilf a map made be a fortune-teller in a dhream, a box iv pencils, an' a field-glass, an' goes an' looks f'r a job as a war expert. Says th' editor iv th' paper: 'I don't know ye. Ye must be a war expert,' he says. 'I am,' says th' la-ad. 'Was ye iver in a war?' says th' editor. 'I've been in nawthin' else,' says th' la-ad. 'Durin' th' Spanish-American war I held a good job as a dhramatic critic in Dedham, Matsachoosets,' he says. 'Whin th' bullets flew thickest in th' Soodan I was sportin' editor iv th' *Christyan Advocate*,' he says. 'I passed through th' Franco-Prooshan war an' held me place, an' whin th' Turks an' Rooshans was at each other's throats I used to lay out th' campaign ivry day on a checker-board,' he says. 'War,' he says, 'has no turrors f'r me,' he says. 'Ye're th' man f'r th' money,' says th' editor. An' he gets th' job.

"Thin th' war breaks out in earnest. No matther how manny is kilt, annything that happens befure th' war expert gets to wurruk is on'y what we might call a preliminary skirmish. He sets down an' bites th' end of his pencil, an' looks acrost th' sthreet an' watches a man paintin' a sign. Whin th' man gets through he goes to th' window an' waits to see whether th' polisman that wint into th' saloon is afther a dhrink or sarvin' a warrant. If he comes r-right out, 'tis a warrant. Thin he sets back in a chair an' figures out that th' pitchers on th' wall-pa-aper ar-re all alike ivry third row. Whin his mind is thurly tuned up be these inthricate problems, he dashes to his desk an' writes what you an' I read th' nex' day in th' pa-apers.

"Clarence Pontoon, th' military expert iv th' London *Mornin' Dhram*, reviewin' Gin'ral Buller's position on th' Tugela, says: 'It is manifest, fr'm th' despatches tellin' that Gin'ral Buller has crost th' Tugela River, that Gin'ral Buller has crost the Tugela River. This we r-read in spite iv th' cinsor. Th' question is which side he has crost to. On Friday he was on th' north side in th' mornin', an' on th' south side at night, an' in th' river at noon. We heerd nawthin' Sathurdah mornin'. Th' presumption is that they was nawthin' to hear. Therefore it is aisy to imagine Gin'ral Buller, findin' his position on th' north side ontenable an' his position on th' south side onbearable, is thransportin' his troops up th' river on rafts, an' is now engagin' th' inimy between Spitzozone an' Rottenfontein, two imminsely sthrong points. All this dimonsthrates th' footility an' foolishness iv attimptin' to carry a frontal position agains' large, well-fed Dutchmen with mud in th' fr-ront iv thim.

"'I calc'late that it wud require thirty millyon thurly dauntless Britons to ixicute such a manoover, tin Boers ar-rmed with pop-bottles bein' now considhered th' ekel iv a brigade. What I wud do if I was Buller—an' I thank Hivin I'm not—wud be move me ar-rmy in half an hour over th' high but aisily accessible mountains to th' right iv Crownjoy's forces, an' takin' off me shoes so he cuddent hear thim squeak, creep up behind th' Dutch an' lam their heads off. Afther this stroke 'twud be aisy f'r to get th' foorces iv Fr-rinch, Gatacre, Methoon, an' Winston Churchill togither some afthernoon, invite th' inimy to a band concert, surround an' massacree thim. This adroit move cud be ixicuted if Roberts wud on'y make use iv th' ixcillint 'bus sarvice between Hokesmith an' Mikesmith. It is exthraordinary that th' gin'ral on th' groun' has not seen th' possibilities so apparent at a distance.'

"That's wan kind iv war expert, Hinnissy. Another kind is th' wan that gives it good to th' gover'mint. Says William McGlue, war expert iv th' London *Mornin' Growl*, who's supposed to be cheek be jowl with Lord Wolseley: 'England's greatness is slippin' away. Th' failure iv th' gover'mint to provide a well-equipped, thruly pathriotic ar-rmy iv Boers to carry on this war undher th' leadership iv gallant Joobert is goin' to be our roonation. We ar-re bethrayed be a lazy, effete, side-whiskered, golf-playin' gover'mint that wud rather lose this fight thin win it, because they ar-re tired iv holdin' office. What can be said f'r public men so lost to shame that they spell kopje with a "c," an' ar-re sindin' Englishmen to th' ends iv th' wurruld to fight f'r England. Down with thim!'

"Well, sir, 'tis a gr-reat thing f'r a counthry to have th' likes iv thim ar-round to direct manoovers that 'd be gatherin' dust on th' shelf if th' gin'rals had their say, an' to prove to th' wurruld that th' English ar-re not frivolous, excitable people like us an' th' Frinch, but can take a batin' without losin' their heads."

"Sure," said Mr. Hennessy, "'tis not thim that does th' fightin'. Th' la-ads with th' guns has that job."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "they's two kinds iv fightin'. Th' experts wants th' ar-rmy to get into Pretoria dead or alive, an' th' sojers wants to get in alive. I'm no military expert, Hinnissy. I'm too well known. But I have me own opinyon on th' war. All this talk about th' rapid-fire gun an' modhern methods iv warfare makes me wondher. They's not so much diff'rence between war now an' war whin I was a kid as they let on. Th' gun that shoots ye best fr'm a distance don't shoot ye so well close to. A pile iv mud is a pile iv mud now just

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th' same as it was whin Gin'ral Grant was pokin' ar-round. If th' British can get over the mud pile they win th' fight. If they can't they're done. That's all they's to it. Mos' men, sthrongest backs, best eyes, an' th' ownership iv th' mud-piles. That's war, Hinnissy. Th' British have th' men. They're shy iv backs, eyes, an' mud-piles, an' they will be until they larn that sheep-herdin' an' gin'ralship ar-re diff'rent things, an' fill up their ar-rmy with men that ar-re not fightin' f'r money or glory, but because they want to get home to their wives alive."

"Ye talk like an ol' book," said Mr. Hennessy, in disgust. "Ye with ye-re maundhrin' ar-re no better thin thim expert la-ads."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Dooley, thoughtfully, "th' expert is sarvin' a useful purpose. Th' pa-apers say th' rapid-fire gun 'll make war in th' future impossible. I don't think that, but I know th' expert will."

F. P. DUNNE

A Great City's Waste for Fuel

THE sanitary disposition of the waste of a great city so that it will give the least possible annoyance to any one is a problem that the New York Legislature is called upon to solve this winter, and the establishment of a large crematory plant to consume all the garbage of the city is a possibility of the near future. The Barren Island nuisance has been tolerated only because no better system could be introduced to take the place of the one that has been so long in existence. There was no more urgent advocate of modern scientific methods of burning all the waste of a city that could not be utilized in some commercial way than the late Colonel Waring, and the present movement to adopt an adequate system may be said to have received its first initiative through the intelligent campaign of garbage-and-street-cleaning reform inaugurated by the former Street Cleaning Commissioner.

In the line with all other scientific advancement, there is also an attempt being made to utilize the city's waste for some commercial purposes. New York's daily waste amounts to some 500 tons, and, according to no less an authority than Mr. George Westinghouse, that amount of garbage might be converted into gas sufficient to supply an immense amount of the power now obtained by this fuel. Whether or not the waste could be converted into fuel gas economically, there is little doubt but it could be utilized in some other way. According to experiments made in London, a pound of ordinary city refuse made a pound of steam when burned under steam-boilers, and of the thousands of tons cremated for this purpose not one failed to contribute its share of energy for operating the power plants of that city.

In Great Britain experiments in utilizing the waste of cities have been carried on to a much greater extent than in this country. Over seventy-five cities and districts in England have tried successfully to utilize their waste for power purposes. This unsorted waste is burned at a temperature of 2000 degrees in a blast-furnace, and at this enormous temperature all offensive odors and fumes are consumed as well as every particle of the waste. More than sixteen cities in that country are installing destructors of garbage, which at the same time convert the waste into electric, gas, or steam power. In one district of London such a disposal plant is in the course of erection that will cost $1,000,000 when finished. Besides these plants in the course of erection in England, there are several others in operation which furnish all the power for operating tramways, workshops, and electric lighting.

This new industrial situation which faces New York has far more to recommend itself than the old, oft-repeated story of harnessing the tides of the North and East River to do the city's work. The million and more tons of ashes that are annually collected in New York are sold at prices higher than their value for making steam; but the true garbage, which is now towed away to Barren Island, or to be dumped into the ocean, where it is later washed up on the Jersey or Long Island shores, must find some commercial use that will help to contribute to the comfort of the city. There is no waste in nature, and science is rapidly demonstrating that there need be no waste in human industries. The present situation of the garbage question is a good one to prove this to the satisfaction of nearly four million people.

G. E. W.

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BY A. K. FISKE

THE passage of the currency bill by the United States Senate, and the consideration of that and the one previously passed in the House by a conference committee, with a view to so harmonizing their provisions as to secure the adoption of a satisfactory measure by Congress, is the event of chief importance in the financial world just now. The lack of outside agitation or discussion during the weeks while these bills have been under consideration is unexampled, and is no doubt due to the fact that general confidence was felt that either measure would be quite safe, and would mark a substantial gain in sound-currency legislation, and to an almost complete subsidence of opposition to such legislation.

The House bill provided for a separate Division of Issue and Redemption in the Treasury Department, to have charge of all operations and accounts relating to the issue and redemption of government and Treasury notes and of gold and silver certificates; while the Senate bill made no such separation of the functions of the department. The Senate bill required the maintenance of a reserve, or redemption fund, of $150,000,000 in gold coin; while that of the House placed this at twenty-five per cent. of the outstanding notes. An essential difference in the means of maintaining the redemption fund was to be found in the requirement of the House bill that notes or certificates, once redeemed or exchanged for coin, should be retained as part of the fund, and issued or withdrawn again only in return for an equivalent in the same kind of coin; while the Senate bill allowed the redeemed notes to be exchanged for gold coin in the general fund of the Treasury, whence they could again be paid out. Both bills provided for the issue of notes by national banks up to the par value of the government bonds deposited as security. The House bill accompanied this with the abolition of the tax of one per cent. on circulation, and a provision in place of it for a franchise tax of one-tenth of one per cent. on the amount of capital, surplus, and undivided profits. The Senate bill provided for refunding the government bonds falling due in 1904, 1907, and 1908—about five-sixths of all those outstanding—in a two per cent. gold bond redeemable in thirty years, and for a reduction of the tax upon circulation to one-half of one per cent. for banks depositing these new bonds as security. The conference committee found it necessary to make changes from both bills in order to produce an agreement, and the result of its labors is before the two Houses.

Neither the suspense pending the action of Congress on the currency nor the uncertainties of the South-African war have appeared to have much influence upon the course of the markets in this country. In Europe the situation has been more one of hesitation and waiting. In London the action of the money-market has been conservative and cautious, and rates for loans have been firmly maintained, while a similar caution has characterized the stock-market. There has been moderate dealing there in American securities, but mostly with a view to immediate profit and loss. There has been little sign either of "unloading" or of buying for investment. The volume of securities of this class held over there has been greatly diminished in the last year or two.

The New York money-market has been characterized by considerable increase in the operations of the banks, although the general movement of currency has been away from this centre. Deposits have increased considerably, and loans still more largely, thus reducing the reserves, while rates for money have undergone little change, though those for time loans have hardened a little, running from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent., according to security. There has been no material change in foreign exchange, and no sign of renewed gold movement. Although money has been comparatively easy, and call-loans have been made even under 2 per cent., there has been little activity in the stock-market. Stocks of the principal railroads, when dealt in at all, have been firm and slightly advancing on continued favorable reports of earnings. This has been especially true of the roads largely engaged in transporting coal, for which prices and rates, as well as volume of business, have improved. Next in favor have been the shares of the iron and steel companies, which continue to report increasing profits.

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